

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 3, No. 37

{ The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors.  
Office—9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, AUGUST 9, 1890.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$3.

Whole No. 141

## Around Town.

I suppose all those who can have gone away somewhere for the summer. I know of nothing more absurd than the migration of the majority of those who feel it to be absolutely necessary to take a trip, or have a cottage, or spend a couple of months in the country. There are few places as favorably situated as Toronto for spending the summer. It never gets very hot here, and when the temperature rises, we have the Island, lakeside parks and excursion steamers galore, and if there is a breeze anywhere, we can find it and get back home at night to a comfortable bed. In spite of this, Toronto people feel that they are out of luck if they can't go away to some seaside resort, or up the lakes, where such discomforts as they would not tolerate at home are the invariable rule. Of course a change of air is a good thing, but is this half considered by those who are on pleasure bent? Those who go up to Lake Simcoe, Georgian Bay and Muskoka, obtain a change of air, for the altitude is some four hundred feet greater; but on the Island, as well as along the shore of Lake Ontario, the change is insignificant and can be had without a change of residence, by taking excursions on the lake.

In Muskoka, if you have a cottage, the troubles of housekeeping are increased by the distance from the source of supplies and servants are hard to manage. In the majority of the hotels the conveniences are scant, the hotel-keepers inexperienced, the pleasures few and the organization of the guests for the proper spending of the time neglected. Somehow people seldom think far enough ahead to make their summerings as pleasant as possible. If they buy or build a cottage they are tied to the same place year after year and it grows monotonous. The house-boat is the best scheme there is for a summer change. It is cheaper and infinitely more delightful than a cottage. One nicely finished and furnished, with bunks for twelve or fifteen can be built for a thousand dollars, including a sail-boat and pair of skiffs. When you want to use it for a "stag" party it can be towed to the fishing grounds in Georgian Bay early in the season. When the family or two families use it, they can embark at a convenient port, store the larder and icehouse and be towed to some island or tie up near the cottage of some friends, moving away when the impulse of change takes possession of the owners. Two families can easily find room in a house-boat of this sort, using it both together or in rotation. If the ladies are timorous a camp outfit can be taken along and the tent erected on land, or if the party is too large to sleep comfortably on the boat a tent can be used as a sleeping annex, with the boat as culinary headquarters. In this way fifteen or twenty people could explore Georgian Bay and the Muskoka lakes, testing the fishing in bays and rivers and photographing all the points of interest. A ladies school could spend the vacation in botanical, geological and piscatorial pursuits, and if the house-boat idea grew as it ought to, congenial spirits could found quite a village of floating habitations which would not be tied to any locality or company.

The house-boat is the democratic summer resort. It embodies the idea of change, congenial company and adventure. It is the *creme de la creme* of summering, of unhampered idleness, of having a good time, of the ability to escape from uncongenial surroundings, from unhappy companions. If you want the Thousand Islands for a summer you have only to hire a passing tug to take you there; if a river invites your fancy the steam launch of a friend will tow you to the desired place. It discounts a cottage one thousand per cent. for comfort and in its adaptability to the wants of the hunting, fishing and domestic elements of a family it is the solution of the summer, hunting and fishing problems. Venice with its gondolas, Canada with its canoes, the ocean steamer with its comforts are united in an inexpensive scheme for pleasure and convenience and change of air.

After all in a scheme for summering what is really the greatest difficulty to surmount? Babies! The time when we want to go somewhere and enable the wife to have a change of scene and circumstance is when there is a youngster so immature that he or she may be expected to yell ten hours out of the twenty-four. A hotel will answer for neither the baby

nor the mother, neither the guests nor the proprietor will be happy. The little beggar is teething, we may say. He needs a change of air and a cool temperature. His lungs are good, and he would squall a hotel tired in an hour. What is to be done? His laundry arrangements in themselves are not easy to provide for. A cradle, rocking chair and food are alone difficulties not to be overcome on an excursion steamer or summer hotel. The house-boat fixes it; the nurse and the conveniences can be provided, the tent and the squalling can go together, and the most difficult period in married life—how to summer a baby—is settled.

was expected to rise for breakfast at seven a.m., and if I failed to do so a bell was rung every five minutes until I had been disposed of in connection with the morning meal. In every two cases out of three I had to go down to the common wash-room behind the bar for my morning ablutions. In a galvanized iron wash-dish a quart of rainwater could be obtained filled with wrigglers and bad smell. After wetting your face with this fluid, the exciting part of the performance began. A towel of the endless chain pattern hung on a roller, already moist and discolored by frequent use. Perhaps twenty people had already wiped upon it!

nourishment, that you feel disposed to take refuge in flight. As the baby smacks his lips and fondles the source of supply, she tells you how hard she has to work and explains the round of duties which makes it difficult for her to spend as much time with her guests as she would like. You hint that you had thought of writing a letter, but she is generous, and assures you that she has a little spell before she starts to get dinner. After she leaves you the landlord brings in the oldest inhabitant, who loads you up with remembrances, and drinks whenever you invite him. Other local celebrities are introduced and drink at your

calls the "brown sugar tavern" is the same to-day, yesterday and forever, except that it grows a little worse. Any city person who tries to summer there might as well commit suicide at once.

There are rules and professors and all sorts of devices to enable us to remember things, but life would be happier if people bent their energies more in the direction of forgetting things. Of course if the man who owes us ten dollars had really forgotten to pay we might hope that a wave of recollection would strike him, but forgetting to pay debts, either financial or otherwise, is a matter of conscience rather than of memory. In sentimental things it were better for people to forget. This is a sweeping assertion and of course open to objections. Think how few they are! Are all to forget the ties of consanguinity, the love and care of father, mother, brother or sister? Certainly not, but are we to care for them simply because they cared for us? Are the sweetest ties of life to be made a matter of paying a debt? Is not the pleasure of doing a loving act often spoiled by the suggestion, that "well, you couldn't do anything else, you've had favors enough and ought to pay some of them back." Possibly, but you should remember that gratitude is not a matter of memory; indeed the French cynic defined it as a lively sense of favors to come. Those who rely on memory for the repayment of favors will be grievously left. If the favor did not excite affection it will never be repaid. This is the basis of the whole matter.

There is a popular idea that fear is a wholesome adjunct of memory, and some unwholesome writers have gone so far as to say that gratitude is the mental attitude of those who are either expectant or afraid. This is wider than the French definition and more truthful. Aside from the element of affection upon which generosity and kindness are based it is absolutely correct. A man or woman who has no love for you, hopes to gain nothing from you, and fears nothing of you, will never strive a hairsbreadth to serve you. Memory has little to do with love; the belief that it has or should have is a disturbing folly. You start in holy horror and feel that I am heterodox and inhuman! No matter what you may call it, I am right. If I have no reason to love you now I am apt not to love you. Duty may impel me to be good to you but affection is the basis of duty. The impulse must be founded on something which once made me love you, and which time has been unable to destroy. The recalling of what you did will not stir me to grateful remembrance if the good act is flashed by the lantern of memory on a hard and sterile hear. Memory, indeed, plays but a poor part in life's lovings, and it is well that it is so.

Think of it! If we were to tie ourselves to the past, if our embraces were to hold nothing but that which began long ago where would we be. I say if we were to cling to nothing but the past, because our arms will not hold all of yesterday and to-day. If we are wedded to yesterday, we are almost forced to close our hearts to the things of now. Why, oh! thou sentimentalist, should I love my wife whose hair is gray and whose face is wrinkled, because she was fair and sweet in her youth? I cannot, you cannot! If I do not love her for what she is now, I have ceased to love her. Why should you or I love the aged father or mother because they were the gentle guardians of our youth? We may argue that if they protected us for ten or twenty years

we have already done as much for them and may therefore discard them. We neither desert nor cherish them on any such theory. If we love them we care for them, if we do not we let the pariah attend to their wants if they cannot attend to their own. Why do we make sacrifices for our children? Surely not because they have benefited us, nor with an idea that they may support us! Because we love them we try to make their future easier, more pleasant and more independent than our past has been. What has the much-vaunted memory to do with it?

Memory is the source of some pleasure and of nearly all of our miseries. Comparisons are said to be odious and the most unjust and disturbing comparisons are those we make between the present and the past. It is for this reason that I argue in favor of forgetfulness. If we are having a dull or depressing hour we sit down and look at the past until we persuade



LOVE'S MESSENGER.

Next year I'm going to have a house boat or perish in the attempt, and I advise the boat builders of our lake ports to be enterprising and build thirty or sixty, for they will have easy sale. It is a new idea in this country but a most popular one. On the Thames in England one can see a thousand of them; the love of change and the economics of the plan must make the idea popular here, and I presume there are not twenty now afloat.

Of all the means of spending a horrible, mosquito-bitten, dyspeptic summer, boarding at a farm house or country tavern is certainly the worst. Those who live in cities are accustomed to comforts which cannot be found in the ordinary country house. In the country hotel you may be sure the city stomach and cultured taste will find no sympathy. A recent experience gave me an opportunity of refreshing my memory with regard to the wayside hostelry. There was no privacy except in my bedroom, I

While the evil-smelling water drips down your neck, you hastily hunt for dry spots on the edges of the revolving towel and even after an exciting quest you are forced to quit before enough unmoistened surface has been discovered to absorb the rainwater, odor and wrigglers which have been taken on in an ill-advised attempt to be clean.

In the dining-room, breakfast is standing; the pork is cold and crackling; the potatoes watery and gummy; the eggs are fried on both sides, and the coffee boiled and muddy. True, there are pies and marblecake, syrup and preserves, but who can eat such things for breakfast? In the stuffy parlor, rigorously closed to the fresh air and the sun lest flies get in and the sun fade the rag carpet, you sit down to write a letter. The landlady brings in the baby and endeavors to be entertaining. The infant squalls and she unbuttons such an unlimited section of her dress, in order to give the child

expense, and you are finally persuaded to go out to the barn and see Lord George Clydesdale, an imported horse which is on his weekly tour. His good points are duly explained and the weaknesses of rivals set forth; you are loaded into a buggy and taken to see some of his colts and a couple of imported cattle. After this you buy some more drinks and see the gentlemen of the village form in line before the bar with alacrity whenever you look interrogatively at the proprietor. I tell you it is fun alive.

Dinner is great. Roast beef cut lengthwise with the grain, cabbage, eggs and pie. Supper, cold beef, eggs, tea and pie. Bed at night stuffed with feathers or pine knots, equally uncomfortable. Pillows always lumpy. Room invariably small, dusty, musty, and closed tight as wax. The world may go ahead, steam, electricity and modern appliances may disturb cities and towns, but what Uncle Charlie Brown



ourselves that things were once very much brighter. In this way, we think we find happiness; that the brightness of the past illumines the present darkness, but I'm doubtful if the borrowed light does not make the surrounding gloom all the deeper and more dispiriting. Somehow we have a knack of forgetting the natty little trifles which kept us from enjoying ourselves and remember only the pretty things—things which at the time were endurable, nothing more. Looking back you may imagine the hills to have been clothed in brighter green, the woods to have been decked in gayer attire, the fields to have been filled with blossoms and the orchards garmented with more odoriferous blossoms, but as a matter of fact they were dingier than to-day and were hideous with gnarled stumps, ugly log piles and unsightly brush heaps. Keep away from the past, Mr. Man; look not back, Mrs. Woman, if you want to be happy! There is nothing in it.

This is quite a long introduction, but it is intended to explain the answer I am about to give a correspondent who is anxious to know in what respect the lady who visited me last week was in the wrong and what wives should do whose husbands—once so loving have grown cold.

Now, my dear woman, you rely too much on this memory business! You thought because you captured a youth, who perhaps had but little knowledge of the world, that your fortune was made. You imagined that "once in grace always in grace." No matter what you did or how you looked he had to love you or be scorned by the world who always loves a lover and hates a recreant husband. You are wrong! Once in grace it is the easiest thing under the sun to fall from it. You have to fight against monotony if your husband is fond of change, against dullness if your husband is smart, against smartness if your husband is dull, against dressing too expensively if he is poor or stingy, against dressing too poorly if he is generous or proud, against being too gay if he is sober, against being too sober if he is gay, against being too domestic if he is social, against being too social if he is domestic, against—but why should I enumerate the phases of life which may keep you apart, the tides which may bear you together?

Think of what you were when you married him and then think of what he is now. He has changed or else, dear love, the wedding was but yesterday. If he is a man worth worrying over he has improved; if you are not a lazy woman or one of poor judgment or fruitless industry you have changed too. Now, my dear madam, taking note of the change, are you proportionately as worthy of being loved now as you were then? Have you advanced with him? Have you grown away from him or has he grown away from you? If he has distanced you whose fault is it? If he has left you behind in intellectual growth can you blame him if he doesn't think you as lovely as he once did? Didn't you have a chance to grow? You had work and babies, true, but you forgot there was something else; I know men have a better chance but you cannot deny that, except in brutal cases, women have some chance and they grow so much more easily if they have industry and an appreciation of the situation. Well, you let him grow away from you and now you want to live in the past. You want him to remember how sweet he once thought you! How he raved over your beauty—now gone—how you loved him to be the brave lion and you the timid lamb.

Things have changed. He does not now find you companionable. Why? Because when he desires to talk to you about politics, literature, public events, business and his ambitions, you always insist upon directing the conversation to household affairs, expenses, dresses, the children, and the petty things of your circle of feminine friends. For a long time he may have stood this without complaint. Then he may have shown signs of discontent, then petulance, a little later may have asked you to drop it, still later asked you if that was all you knew, finally got up and put on his hat and gone out when you began your evening speech. When he first dropped you a hint that a little of that sort of thing was enough, that sufficient to keep him posted in domestic affairs was all he wanted, you should have cast about you for more entertaining topics. You might know that no man who was mentally growing would put up with fare so starving to all his faculties as you are offering him. Even if you were both fond of that sort of thing, don't you know that you should not be satisfied with it; that it is your duty to build yourself up mentally, and despise over-the-fence conversations with the neighbor in the next backyard. When you got married you dropped your music—thought you could not afford to buy the new songs, or spare time to learn pretty accompaniments. Perhaps your husband wanted to earn to sing and you could not be bothered helping him to acquire that accomplishment. May be he had a notion of studying some language and desired you as fellow-student, but you had no time. There are a thousand ways in which a woman may become her husband's companion and the one he will prefer of all others, and yet not five women in ten are clever enough or industrious enough or appreciative enough to seize the opportunity of becoming their husband's chum, classmate and companion. This is the whole secret of wedded happiness. A husband and wife are sometimes so made for one another that a cultivation of their companionable instincts is unnecessary. It is seldom. In the majority of instances it is partly at least the woman's fault. Like Martha she is cumbered with much serving, and thinks there is nothing better or indeed nothing further than good housekeeping and wifely obedience. As a matter of fact these are but the fundamental principles, while true companionship is the crowning glory of wedded life. If it is lacking at home it will be sought elsewhere. I have known men who were not as faithful to their homes as they might have been for many years who, when their family had grown up and the companionship lacking in the wife was found in sons or daughters, became model fathers though they had not been model husbands. Of course this applies to husbands as well

as wives, because wives very frequently find their husbands uncompanionable. It is not so frequent however. A woman who once loves a man is able to retain her affection and to live upon the memory of the past much better than a man is. Yet the husbands who have wives capable of the highest companionship and do not educate themselves up to the point of enjoying it, are losing the greatest treasure God ever gave to man.

The way to make the present brighter is not by moping over the past. It is one of the most disagreeable habits on earth, and surely away from this earth nobody ever mopes or whines or makes odious comparisons about how things used to be. Nobody ever does this sort of thing who has the instincts of success, the energy to try to change things which are wrong, the composure, the self-containment to conceal what is disagreeable and to endeavor to change the channel of the stream which is now making a desolate swamp of life and to divert it between pleasant banks to turn the mill wheel of prosperity and contentment. Quit groping after something you think you have lost, brooding over things which cannot be awakened to new life, get new friends, be lively, remembering that:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,  
Weep, and you weep alone."

Begin now. To change your habit will be as hard as for a drunkard to reform, but recollect that reformation is just as necessary. It will be a hard fight, but it will be worth the effort. If you cannot do it any other way and you have children make them the link between the wife and the home, or the husband and the home. They seldom fail. If your habits are so disagreeable and eternally fixed that you cannot change them, you can at least shape their lives so they may take the place that you might have had, and to a certain extent restore the affection that you have lost.

#### Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged.....	\$54 25
Mrs. J. Abrahams.....	1 00
A. G.....	50
Total.....	\$55 75

Don.

Toronto bids fair to gain the evil reputation of Belfast as a center of sectarian bloody feuds and disturbances between those of opposing creeds. The effect of the religious bigotry and the bitter persecuting spirit which was quite unnecessarily introduced into the Equal Rights agitation by hot-headed parsons and scheming politicians anxious to fan the flames of discord in order to boil their own pot, is being experienced in the street outbreaks of this week. The ruffians who break each others' heads by way of showing the fervor of their attachment to a religion which inculcates peace and good-will are by no means the most blameworthy. They are merely putting into practice the teachings of the fanatical pulpites and popularity-hunting platform orators who for the last year or two have been vying with each other in the vigor and bitterness of their denunciations of "Rome" and raking up all the scandals—true or false—which have transpired in the history of the church in other lands and times in order to excite animosity against the Catholics of to-day. The men of comparative intelligence and education, who have perverted so far as their influence extended, the Equal Rights movement from its legitimate political object into a crusade against a locally unpopular creed, are the real culprits and are far more worthy of a term in the Central Prison than the ignorant, fanatical dupes who, excited by their teachings, take to stone-throwing and mobbing processions. They may disdain the responsibility as loudly as they please, but nothing is more certain than that the brutal violence of the street mobs is the direct outcome of the inflammatory anti-Catholic sermonizing and platform-ranting which has been so much in vogue lately.

No class of citizen are more interested in the suppression of this form of rowdism than those Equal Rights who wish to keep the movement true to the original intention of its promoters and wish to make it not the instrument of hostility against a creed, but the means of effecting needed political changes. There is no necessary connection between a movement conceived with the noble object of repelling political aggression on the part of an ecclesiastical corporation and a riotous and lawless crusade against men of a different faith in the exercise of their legitimate rights as citizens. But the public cannot make fine discriminations, and when they see men prominent in the Equal Rights movement going out of their way to assail and vilify Catholics on account of their creed or nationality, and note that such teachings are followed by riot and disorder, the result is likely to be a reaction against the whole movement. The average citizen whose quiet is disturbed and whose business is interrupted by faction fighting is likely to regard a Jesuit grant by the Quebec Legislature or undue privileges to the French and Catholic element in educational matters as of considerably less importance than the maintenance of law and order. Should the cause of Equal Rights suffer in public estimation by reason of the rowdism engendered by fanatical appeals to the baser passions of an ignorant class of men on the part of men who ought to know better and probably do, it will not be the first righteous cause which has been ruined by hot-headed extremists who have foisted themselves upon it.

It is to be hoped that the fellow calling himself "Jumbo" Campbell will get his deserts at the hands of the law or at least that his blackguardly performances in the Queen's Park, which are a direct incentive to riot and outrage, will be suppressed. There ought to be no squeamishness on the part of the authorities on the ground of interference with the right of free speech. The freedom of utterance ought to be jealously guarded, and if a point is to be strained either way it should be in the direction of latitude. But by no reasonable construction can the right of free speech be held to include the right to bawl out obnoxiousities within the hearing of a mixed throng of men, women and children. The

"religious" contention is if anything an aggravation of the offence against public decency. The telling of ordinary, secular filthy stories is not half as bad as the outpouring of the sewers of scandal under the thin pretence of sectarian controversy with the sure effect, if not the deliberate design of irritating and provoking the adherents of the creed assailed. The nuisance has become intolerable and ought to be stopped at once.

The defeat of nearly all the money by-laws submitted to the electors on Wednesday indicates a growing restiveness on the part of the ratepayers under the burden of increased taxation. This feeling, which is natural enough considering the unduly rapid increase of the city's debt, was carried too far in regard to the items for improving the water works service and effecting other needed and permanent works. The consequence will be an increase in the current rate of taxation to meet such of these as cannot longer be deferred. As to the \$200,000 grant for the University, its defeat was a foregone conclusion. The spirit in which the University has systematically acted towards the city has engendered a widespread feeling of irritation bordering upon hostility towards the institution. It was felt that in taking advantage of a technical point to drive a Shylock bargain with the corporation the University had exhibited a greedy, grasping disposition, and was not entitled to further favors at the hands of the citizens. It is to be regretted that the opportunity of the University needs was not seized to come to some arrangement with them by which liberal aid would be granted to rebuild on condition of their handing over to the city a portion of the land which they now contemplate selling for building lots. The Council might very well have taken the position that any grants made the University should be in return for equivalent concessions in park land. Had this ground been taken, the by-law would have been on a different footing and would probably have carried. But the public are in no temper just now to give the University any more favors. That the University is an ornament and attraction to Toronto is quite true. But it also true that the growth of Toronto gives to the University in the shape of "unearned increment" in its real estate a very large income, present and prospective, so that the balance is largely in our favor.

"This is a wicked world," so people say. Now is it? If as bad as it is painted would the C. P. R. be satisfied with the Explanade? Wouldn't they steal the whole town?

Wouldn't the Street Car Franchise Enquiry-Corkscrew-Delegation have included the whole Council with instructions to take \$12,000,000 and never come back?

Wouldn't the Mimico boomers ask \$100 a foot and promise 500 factories in 3,000,000 of a population?

Wouldn't the Belt Line tunnel the graveyard instead of using the monuments as trestle work?

Wouldn't the Mayor proclaim himself perpetual dictator instead of being an untitled candidate for everything within sight?

Wouldn't Gee Em Rossbertson abolish the "bull thing" at the end of his term as having finished its work by having "put him there?"

Wouldn't Eh King Car-nigh-val-Dodo have himself crowned the Jumbo of the June Freshet of Fun and ask for the new City Hall as a private residence?

Wouldn't Peter Ryan kill Muldoon and divide his clothes between Fogarty and Cahill, and register him as an Irishman?

Wouldn't Sheriff Mowat appoint his father a bailiff and give him a chance to make something?

Wouldn't Hon. Education Ross freeze out his partners in the school-book monopoly and become a millionaire himself?

Wouldn't Rupert O'Mercy Wells ask to be made Minister of Railways instead of C. P. R. Senator?

Wouldn't Capt. James Bejoyful Boustead be simultaneously on seventeen sides of a question at once, instead of on only three?

Wouldn't Engineer Jennings ask Van Horne for an increase of salary?

Wouldn't Biggar let Sam Blake do all his work?

Wouldn't E. A. Macdonald sit up nights to talk about himself?

Wouldn't Mercier—?

Wouldn't Sir John—?

In fact, wouldn't we all be worse than we are if this were a really, really, wicked, wicked world?

That was a curious case which was reported to have occurred at Long Branch last Sunday. A party sailing from Oakville to Toronto, driven to seek shelter by stress of weather, put in to Long Branch wharf. Here, according to the account published, they were met by a man who told them they must not land there, ostensibly because it was Sunday, and threatened them with arrest if they did not immediately get out. As it was a case of risking death against risking arrest the party preferred the latter and remained, in spite of the protests of the over-zealous guardian of Sabbath observance, until the weather moderated somewhat. As it was, by leaving this inhospitable shore too soon, they came within an ace of being drowned. One cannot but be surprised at the motives which could induce any man in his sober senses to perpetrate an act of this kind. When it is done upon a religious plea, however, it can be readily understood that it is the action of a man so wrapped up in the observance of the forms of a creed as to be totally oblivious to the great first principle of Christianity. Supposing that party had put out into the lake again as ordered and had been drowned in consequence, I wonder if this Levite would be able to lay the flattering unction to his soul that he had done his duty and would receive his reward for assisting in bringing merited judgment on the heads of sinners. Such ideas belong rather to the days of the stake and the rack than to the present.

#### Information on Tap

"Mr. Jones, who was Pictarch?"  
"He was the god of the infernal regions. He wrote poetry, and was celebrated for his attentions to Laura."—Harper's Bazar.

#### Social and Personal.

A pretty little wedding took place at St. Thomas' church at 8 a.m., on Wednesday morning, Rev. J. C. Roper, rector, officiating. The contracting parties were R. Percival Rutherford, youngest son of E. H. Rutherford of Northfield, Toronto, and Edith Arnold, youngest daughter of John M. McFarlane. The bridesmaid was Miss Emily Yorston, a cousin of the bride's and daughter of John C. Yorston the wealthy publisher of Cincinnati, Dr. Gowan Ferguson of Sherburne street officiating for the groom. The bride and bridesmaid wore handsome traveling costumes and it is needless to say looked charming. The happy couple left at 9:30 for Montreal, Old Orchard Beach and Boston, amidst a storm of rice and good wishes.

An ingenious English woman, Mrs. Constance Amelia Hawthorne of Brabourne Hall, Wiltshire, is ambitious to emulate the fame of Miss Macnaughten, who is credited with having introduced croquet into good society in England at a lawn party given by Lord Lonsdale in 1852. This lady has invented a new game called The Colors, which was tried with great success in Inner Temple Gardens. The game is said to derive something from croquet, something from the dignified graces dear to the grande dame of the last century and a good deal from the clever wits of the inventor.

Mrs. John Worthington of Queen's Park and her daughters, Mrs. Ewood and Mrs. Kelghly, and their families are spending the summer at Aurora Point, Muskoka.

Miss Warder of St. Vincent street is the guest of Mrs. Worthington at Aurora Point.

The death of Mr. Walter Gibson Cassels last week removed a prominent figure from the financial circles of the city. Mr. Cassels was married in 1852, at St. George's church, to Adelaide Victoria, youngest daughter of Larratt Smith of Southampton, England, and sister of Larratt Smith, L.L.D., of Toronto. The surviving members of the family are the deceased's three sons, five daughters and one brother, Mr. Richard S. Cassels. Of the sons, Mr. Larratt Cassels is in the Dominion Bank, Mr. Cyril Cassels in the Bank of Montreal and Mr. Duncan Cassels in the Bank of Hamilton. The daughters are unmarried, with the exception of the eldest, who is the wife of Mr. Walter Darling, inspector of the Dominion Bank.

Mrs. George Evans and family of Grange avenue, Toronto, are spending a few weeks at Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

Miss Church of Essex Centre, who has been holidaying in Western New York, spent a week among friends in the city before visiting relatives in Peel County.

The social sensation of the week in Hamilton has been a bouncing baby show.

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. P. Genereux with Master Garnet of Spadina avenue, after a two weeks sojourn at Alexandria Bay, left the city Tuesday morning for Beaumaris, Muskoka, where they purpose spending the balance of the heated term.

Mrs. Thomas Allison and daughter left last week for White Mountains and Old Orchard Beach; they will not return until October.

Mr. J. A. Culverwell, jr., read the service at the Church of England mission at Fairbank last Sunday morning, Mr. Creswick, the Trinity student in charge, being absent on his vacation.

Among the guests who are spending the summer at Prospect House, Port Sandfield, are Mr. J. Ross Robertson, Mr. J. S. Robertson, Mrs. and Miss Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Edin Heward, Prof. Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder, Mrs. Goodeve, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McAndrew, Major Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McWilliams, Miss McDonnell, Mr. J. H. Ince, Mr. J. T. Thompson, Mr. J. R. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. McLean, Mr. Billett, Mr. F. McPhillips, Mr. J. Stanley, Mr. J. Mont. Lowndes of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin, Mrs. and Miss Osborn of Hamilton.

The Saturday evening hops at Lorne Park continue to be appreciated by the cottagers, hotel guests, campers and visitors who enjoy that form of amusement. Among the visitors who were invited to participate last Saturday evening were Mrs. and the Misses Downs, Mr. Cecil Downs, Mr. and the Misses Stewart, and Mr. Oldright, who are camping a short distance west of the park on the lake shore. Also the following party who drove up from Long Branch: Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Somerville, Mrs. George McDonald and family, Mrs. Carveth, Dr. and Mrs. Cassidy, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bertram and family, Mr. Fenton, Miss Hallworth, Mr. and Mrs. George A. MacAgy, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bayley, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Geddes and family and guests, Mr. Alfred H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. George Stanway, Mr. and Mrs. Riches, Miss Hatch, Mr. Hall and Mr. Irwin.

Mr. J. Tytler of Murdoch & Tytler returned to the city on Wednesday, after a month's stay in Muskoka.

Mr. Will White of Hamilton, returned home Wednesday, after a short holiday at Ilfracombe, Muskoka.

Mrs. and the Misses Milne, Miss Gellatley, Mrs. J. Tytler and Mrs. Will White of Hamilton are summering at Holcombe Cottage, Ilfracombe, Muskoka.

Mr. John Beaty and Miss Cassie Beaty of Parkdale left last Friday for a month's sojourn (Continued on page Eleven.)

#### A STRONG TEAM.

Mr. Edward Beaton, the well-known watch specialist, finding that his repair business was fast outgrowing his best efforts, has taken into partnership Mr. Henry Flyntner, one of the most skillful watchmakers in the city. The new firm will carry on business at Mr. Beaton's old stand in Leader Lane, and we have no doubt they will make a big success of it.—Editorial in the "Trader."

#### PARIS KID GLOVE STORE



**Police Paris**  
Hand-made, Perfect fitting Gloves, in all the new grey tints. Send for Price List.  
Millinery, Dressmaking, Corsets  
W. M. STITT & CO., 11 & 13 King Street East.

**TORONTO ART GALLERY ADJOINS**  
Academy of Music. Open daily until 6 p.m. Curious collection of Modern Paintings. Dressing, Smoking and Reading Room, supplied with Art Magazines, etc. Admission 25c. Season tickets \$3. The Gallery and Rooms may be rented for Private Balls, Receptions, At Homes, Fancy Fairs, etc. Afternoons, \$20; evenings, \$35.

**MACKINAC, MUSKOKA**  
**WINNIPEG, CHICAGO**

**LAKE EXCURSIONS EVERYWHERE**  
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent  
72 Yonge St.

**THE**  
**RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS**  
**OF**  
**CIGARS**

**MUNGO - - - 5c.**  
**CABLE - - - 5c.**  
**EL PADRE - - - 10c.**

**MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.**

**THE BEST VALUE.**  
**THE SAFEST SMOKE.**  
**THE MOST RELIABLE.**

**The Purest of the Pure.**

**NO CHEMICALS.**  
**NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING.**  
**THE BEST VALUE**

**MISS M. MORRISON**  
**41 KING STREET WEST**

Is now showing a new and choice assortment of  
**Russian Nets, Frillings, Laces**  
**Veilings, etc.**

Special reductions will now be made in Trimmed Millinery for the balance of the season.

Dressmaking Department under first-class management.

**PROF. DAVIS**  
Is building an elegant

**New Dancing Academy**

At 120 Wilton Ave. It will be ready by September 1, on which date he will begin his thirty-second season. Classes for Ladies, Juveniles and Gentlemen.

Observe: Free instruction will be given to the first one that registers after 8 p.m. Monday. Also to every pupil in the first-class will be given two copies of choice piano dance music. New round dances—"Waltz Minuet," "Zig-Zag," "Redowa Schottische," "L'Envers."

102 Wilton Avenue, cor. of Mutual Street

**HAREM**  
(Not the Sultan's)

**CIGARETTES**

**YILDIZ**  
**CIGARETTES**

**The Finest Turkish Cigarettes**

**IN THE MARKET.**

**TRY THEM**

**How the World Wags.**

Average Man—What has become of that old fool, Wilkins? Used to call himself a colonel, or something.

Citizen—He happened to own a piece of land on which oil was found, and is now rich. Lives in a palace on the avenue.

Average Man (some hours later)—Hello! That looks like General Wilkins.

Another Citizen—Yes, that's the general. Do you know him?

Average Man—Yes, indeed. The general and I are old friends.—N. Y. Weekly.



A large stock of gas fixtures on hand.



# FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY.

"For six nights only!"

The flaming posters arrested Mary McNeill's attention wherever she went. That brief heading meant so much to her, though she tried hard to persuade herself that, if the Red Star troupe remained there for six nights or sixty, it would make no difference to her.

For five nights longer she might be able to picture exactly Bernard's doings and surroundings; for five nights longer she might fall asleep with the blissful consciousness that the same town sheltered them both; for five mornings she might awake knowing that they were nearer each other than they had been for the past two years; during the next five days the smallest chance incident might suffice to bring them together face to face. She supplemented all these reflections however by the resolve that never again would she run the risk of any more *tele a teles*, nor again would she leave the safe anchorage of little Mildred's invalid chair.

The child wondered at the additional brightness in her sister's manner—a brightness that to more experienced eyes would have seemed akin to feverishness. And all the while a tender little heart was being made very sore solely on Mary McNeill's account.

Bernard went back to Nellie Travers's changed world. Perhaps she had never appeared to such disadvantage as when he met her at luncheon that day; he would have noticed her somewhat untidy appearance even if he had not just been charmed by Mary McNeill's neatness of dress and delicate refinement of manner. He felt rather dissatisfied with his surroundings, and was far from being in an amiable mood.

"If this is what he calls 'being engaged,' I'm much rather not be so," thought Nellie, ruefully, wondering why he was so silent, and why, for the first time, he missed nothing at all that she wanted during luncheon.

Poor little girl—she had worked very hard that morning, and felt badly in need of some diversion! Her study had, in fact, been so protracted that she had omitted her usual midday mysterious ceremony known as "changing her dress."

"Won't you take me for a stroll this afternoon!" she said, wistfully, in an aside, for they, in common with three or four of the company, were lunching together at a restaurant in the town.

Nothing was farther from his wishes; but Bernard was a gentleman and quite equal to the occasion.

"Yes, my dear child, of course—as soon as we can get away from this crew," he replied, with an expression of undisguised contempt for the society they were in.

On this day he could not gaze unmoved at Mrs. Strange—the leading lady, a good-natured, middle-aged woman, just now engaged in eating cream-cheese; a decanter of sherry had a dangerous tendency to anchor near her elbow, and the ending of the feast threatened to be far more hilarious than the beginning. The two men who sat up the rest of the party showed signs of producing their cigar-cases. Nellie leaned back in her chair with a faint sense that something had gone wrong; something was out of gear in her familiar world, and her eyes said plainly under their long lashes, "Take me away!"

Mary McNeill made some excuse to the others, who winked significantly as soon as the two left the table together.

"That's a zone case if ever there was one!" remarked Mrs. Strange, holding out her glass to be replenished in order to drink the lovers' health.

"It will be the making of Thorne if it comes off all right," observed one of the men, who had watched Bernard rather closely since he had joined the company; "it will induce him to settle down—and that's what he wants. It doesn't do for one of our profession to belong to two worlds."

So Bernard himself thought during the long afternoon that followed. He did his best to think of Nellie and her interests only, but was painfully conscious that his efforts were a dead failure. The girl, with her keen powers of perception, could not fail to notice it. She at last gave up trying to make him talk and laugh, and relapsed into a puzzled silence, which he was far from resenting, being too absorbed by his own thoughts.

It was quite a relief to them both when they set their faces homewards. They were close by Nellie's door when a carriage passed, then containing two ladies. Bernard raised his hat instantly, all his abstraction gone, and the carriage rolled swiftly by—but not before Nellie had caught a glimpse of the occupants and seen the wonderful lighting up of her companion's face.

"That girl again!" she said involuntarily. "You see you did tell me an untruth last night, though I was simpleton enough to think afterwards that my suspicions were unfounded."

She shrank away from him before he could even think of word of explanation, and went inside the little house, slamming the door behind her. Bernard had no choice left but to go away, feeling that he was much to be pitied.

He happened to pass a florist's a few minutes later, and the flowers and hot-house fruit grouped together in showy profusion brought back a half-forgotten memory to his mind. Little Mildred's plucked nose and prominent brow and eyes came before him. Why should he, her cousin, be debarred from offering her a few of the trill-a-while away the tedium of an invalid's leisure?

Finding no satisfactory answer to that question, he went inside the tastefully arranged shop, and got rid of his not too abundant change in purchasing a little basket of rosy peaches nestling amongst faint tea-roses and purple and white clematis. Having gone thus far, it occurred to him that he would hardly run any risk of additional blame if he were to leave it at the florist's himself; so, after obtaining a little information as to the exact position of the Queen's Road, he took his way thither, intending of course only to give the basket into the servant's hands.

Fate was kinder to him however than he deserved. A middle-aged, staid-looking woman opened the door, and he recognized her at once as a staunch friend of his own in old times.

"Mr. Bernard! Then it's true what I heard Miss Milly say when she came in this morning; but I didn't like to ask her before Miss Mary," she exclaimed, forgetting in her joy all her usual discretion.

"Yes, it's all right, nurse—I'm here," replied Bernard, shaking her warmly by the hand. "Will you give these to Miss Milly, with my love?"

"But you're coming in, sir! Don't go away! It will upset Miss Milly dreadfully to hear you would come no farther than the door!"

Bernard hesitated, and in that moment of irresolution was lost. A door close by opened and Milly herself appeared, a cloud of some soft white material enveloping her head and shoulders.

"It is my cousin Bernard's voice!" she said, in her quaint childish way. "Please come in—I am quite alone."

"Miss Milly, keep out of the draught!" shrieked the nurse, pushing the girl back into the room which she had just quitted.

Bernard followed submissively, feeling that he might as well get all the enjoyment he could out of the visit now that he had gone so far.

A fit of coughing checked Milly's conversational powers for two or three minutes, while the nurse tucked her up on her sofa beside a smouldering fire which was mocked by the sunshine outside. Bernard was shocked at the sound of the hard, persistent cough, and at the exhaustion that followed; but the child herself took it all as a matter of course, and dismissed her attendant as soon as possible.

"Now tell me all I wanted to hear this morn-

ing," she demanded, "and how it is you come to be staying here. Mary said she had not time to ask you much about yourself."

"Where has Mary gone now?" asked Bernard, wondering how much he might tell her without incurring the elder sister's wrath.

"She has just come in from a drive with Mrs. Randolph, but went out again to that wool-shop at the corner. I had not enough wool to finish a cross-over I am making for old Betty at the lodge. Do you remember how we used to go in and talk to her, and how she said you were the torment of her life! She is always asking about you, and wondering when she will see you again."

"Yes, I remember perfectly. And you are sewing—is that the right word—a cross-over for her? Lucky Betty! Where is it? Let me see this new accomplishment."

They were bending over the scarlet-and-gray shawl, the rapid progress of which was a living proof of the fingers being their own. The house door opened and shut quickly, and then, with the swift graceful movement Bernard recollected so well, Mary McNeill entered the room.

She started back in amazement on seeing its occupants, but recovered her composure in a wonderfully short space of time. Bernard rose, meeting the wonder in her eyes with a look which she could not resist.

"I believe I am taking an unpardonable liberty," he said; "but I could not refuse the pressing invitation that was given to me. Convince me, if you will, always have their own way, and Miss Mildred must plead my excuse for me."

"Look, Mary—Isn't he good! Do you see these lovely peaches? I have been longing for one all day; and I knew how vexed you would be if he had gone without coming in and waiting for you."

"Would you have been vexed?" asked Bernard daintily.

A crimson flush tinted Mary's face as she extended the hand of greeting which she had kept back till now. There was a long clasp, a lingering of the fingers before they parted, and with that coldness towards each other began to disappear. Mary put her conscientious waverings aside for the time, rang for tea, and busied herself in arranging Bernard's flowers. The sunshine was fading now, and the fire flickered up, lighting the dark corners of the room.

Bernard looked about him with some satisfaction as the little table was wheeled up to Mildred's sofa and the daintily-colored tea-service set forth. It was months since he had been in such a room as this, littered with the domestic knick-knacks by which women love to be surrounded. He had forgotten all the ups and downs of his professional life—forgot that at any moment he might be at the bottom of the ladder, penniless, nameless, having to set his foot on the lowest rung once more—forgot—most unfortunate forgetfulness of all!—that he had been married, not Mary McNeill, was his affianced wife.

To Bernard it was just as natural on this day as it had been two years before to sit in a prettily-appointed room doing his best to amuse these two young cousins, and succeed in remarkably well in the attempt.

The Irish blood that ran in their veins stood them all in good stead on this afternoon. Milly forgot her troublesome nights and feverish mornings; Mary forgot her father's express command that never again was she to hold communication with Bernard either by letter or speech, since he had disgraced himself and his family by taking to play-acting.

It was such an hour as seldom falls to the lot of poor toiling human beings. The cup of joy was at their lips, and they drained it to the very last drop, without worrying themselves as to whether it might or might not pass their way again. The present was all-sufficient—as long as it lasted.

Amidst their talk and laughter they presently heard the sound of a churchbell tinkling, and at the same moment Bernard took out his watch and held it to the firelight.

"I must be off—the time has flown!" he exclaimed regretfully, rising to his feet.

"And that is Mary's church-bell," Milly interposed. "She goes to evensong as regularly as any sister of mercy."

"What—all alone? Won't you let me come with you—at least, as far as the door?" inquired Bernard, trying not to appear too anxious.

"I don't quite know if I am going to-night," Mary answered, looking rather embarrassed.

"Oh, nonsense—that is all a subterfuge! She thinks I shall be dull after our gay time together. That is just like her—Isn't it, Bernard? I shall be quite happy till you come back, and nurse will keep me company if I feel lonely. Do go, Mary!"

"Yes—do come, Mary!" pleaded Bernard. Miss McNeill tied on her veil, found her prayer-book, and they left the house together, their hearts beating with a strange exultant joy. "Farewell, farewell, farewell—all should have kept them apart; but love drew them together."

Once outside the house, Bernard let his tongue have full sway.

"Mary, my darling, you don't know what this last hour has been to me! Am I never to have another?"

"What can I say! Father would be dreadfully angry if he knew! I shall have to tell him. Milly has no idea there was anything between us."

"I won't hear Milly abused; she is my best friend, and, but for her, we should not have had this meeting. But how is it she knows nothing?"

"You see, she was such a child then. Illness has developed her wonderfully, and I think today she guessed more than she ever has before. I have kept it all from her purposely, for she is so excitable; we have to take the greatest care of her."

"Yes, poor child, she has changed indeed! If seeing me gives her the least pleasure, I can't believe you would deny her such a harmless gratification."

"But it is harmless, Bernard! No real blessing can come from it. Oh, if you knew the misery I have been in since last night! Why—why did you cross my path?" She broke down utterly, and could not finish what she was struggling to say.

"Only that our paths shall never diverge again, Mary. It is absurd to make you head. We are not meant to part, or we should not have met in this unexpected way. You are not a child—you are a woman with a free will of your own; and it simply comes to this—you must choose between me and your father."

"He will never give his consent, Bernard."

"No, I do not expect he ever will—I don't ask for it. But the worst of it is that I must ask you to wait. I could not do so if I did not read in your eyes what you try to deny with your lips—you love me, Mary!"

"How can I help it?" she said simply. "But then there's Milly—I can't desert her. Oh, my Bernard—don't tempt me to forsake my duty! Go back to your work and leave me in peace—that is the truest kindness you can show me."

"And you don't think of my share in the matter! You don't know what you are sending me back to!"

He passed significantly, and the pitiful lips quivered.

"Bernard, if you were in any trouble, and I could help you, it would be different."

"In any trouble!" he exclaimed bitterly. "I do believe good women have stones for hearts! What worse trouble can I be in than the present one—to be cut off from your society in this way! You don't know all that it involves! If you send me away from you now, you send me from you for ever. You know I was never one for half-measures, and, even if I were, this is not the time for them."

The acute misery in his voice seemed to pierce her heart. Again she wavered, but again stood firm to her resolve as the sound of chanting within the church came through the half-closed door.

"You speak as if the suff-rings were all on your side," she said. "Bernard, let me go! You forbid hope for the future, so I am powerless to comfort you. Good-bye!"

Already she was moving towards the church door. He seized her hands passionately and held them for one brief moment. They stood there face to face; but in the firm gentle gaze Bernard read hopelessness of his mute appeal. He dropped her hands as suddenly as he had taken them, and, without another word, turned away.

Stunned with the sense of utter loss, Mary entered the church and knelt down besides the door far from the rest of the congregation. The chancel was a blaze of light, a sad Gregorian chant echoed along the lofty arches. It was the twenty-eighth evening of the month, and boyish voices were singing the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm. With infinite tenderness and pathos the tones became soft and slightly tremulous at the verse—If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! It seemed to the girl's overstrained nerves like the upbraiding of Bernard's voice. Then the organ broke in with loud staccato chords—Down with it, down with it, even to the ground! They could hear the stones crashing, the cries for mercy, until the tumult died away into the same pleading key-note of this wonderful Psalm of Babel. O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery, if I forget thee, let my right hand forget its cunning!

Had she then forgotten! Ah, no! In the pain of that last farewell what relief it would have brought to her aching heart to think she ever had forgotten ever could forget! Mary McNeill met and faced the fact that her recollection of all that had been was stronger than ever that night as she knelt in her dark corner. Never might she hope for the balm of forgetfulness; she could only be faithful—that was all she did either Bernard or Mary guess that there had been a silent witness to their parting outside the church door.

Nellie Travers, nearly mad with the jealousy she would not acknowledge even in thought, had found solitude unbearable, and was scarcely in the house ten minutes before she left it again.

Up and down the long parade she passed, in front of the sea, watching the afternoon lights die out, and the mists and shadows of the autumn evening creep on, gradually drawing a dark curtain over the fair picture.

The sound of the church-bell that mingled in the pleasant talk at the Hawthornes like a funeral knell also broke the thread of Nellie's meditations. It was a long time since she had been to church, and she wondered vaguely what sort of one this could be which, not content with services on Sundays, introduced them on week-days also. With a shiver she remembered her own thoughts just then; the bell did not sound so very far away—she would go in search of it.

The church was not very difficult to find, standing as it did at the back of one of the principal squares. The bell stopped ringing before she could reach the door however; and then it was that, coming round a bend in the square, she saw Bernard—her Bernard—talking earnestly, even passionately, to the tall, fair girl whom the poor little actress had learned to hate and dread.

Indignation kept her spell-bound to the spot; then something seemed to clear her brain, and she could think freely. After all, how silly it was of her to mind so much! Was she quite sure even that she did mind? It could not be Bernard, seeing that only that very afternoon he had spoken kindly, caressingly to her! And yet—Bernard! He had never looked at her like that!

A great sob rose in her throat; but she repressed it bravely, feeling that she must stand there quietly and see it all out to the end. Once or twice she caught sight of the sweet sad face raised to the sky, and there for some thing in the pure outline of Mary McNeill's face and figure which appealed to her, though she was too absorbed in her own misery to notice any signs of acute suffering.

Without another sob or sigh, she watched the parting. How could she tell it meant a parting when she saw the girl's face so near that lingering hand clasp! She shrank back into the dark shadow of a gateway, and Bernard almost touched her as he passed.

Well, she must get back to her rooms now and prepare for the evening's work. She could not touch the dinner waiting for her, but she eagerly drank the wine which she had for a moment her overstrung nerves.

She performed her toilet with more than usual care, not one detail escaping her notice. It was a relief to concentrate all her thoughts upon something outside her own personal affairs. There were some roses in a glass on her dressing-table, sent to her by Bernard a few days before. She seized them hastily, trampled them under her feet, and then threw them out of sight behind the silver shavings in the fireplace. Oh, if she could only get rid of her ill-fated love as easily!

Bernard wondered a little at her strange calm manner when they met in the green-room that night. On the stage she surpassed herself, and the manager was once more filled with self-congratulation at having secured so brilliant an actress; off the stage she was uncommunicative, almost morose, and snubbed all her friends unmercifully.

"She's like all the rest—her head is getting turned with too much success!" was the verdict of Mrs. Strange.

Bernard alone felt uncomfortable, being under the impression that she knew all about it; and that she was either by conscious or unconscious shunning her society as much as possible. Usually he escorted her home on foot if the night was fine; but on this evening, the piece over, she drove straight back to her rooms, refusing all offers of company from her fellow-workers.

There was only one thing that Nellie now longed for—forgetfulness. She felt feverish, she could not rest, and walked to and fro across her room with clasped hands and eyes gleaming fiercely with pain.

Poor child, her rival's kind heart would have ached for her had she seen her now, her flushed cheeks, her eyes that were like the stars, her relieving the intolerable anguish, and the soft amber dress she had worn on the stage setting off her childish beauty.

Presently she went to the window and stood there for a few minutes, pressing her burning forehead against the cold pane. How fair and calm and still it looked outside! She threw up the window suddenly and inhaled a deep draught of fresh air. Ah, that was what she wanted—air, and a wide sky! The house felt stifling; she would endure it no longer!

Hurriedly she threw on a fur cloak and tied a black veil across her little bonnet, as if to defy scrutiny. The instincts of a lifelong training made her pause, ring the bell, and summon her landlady.

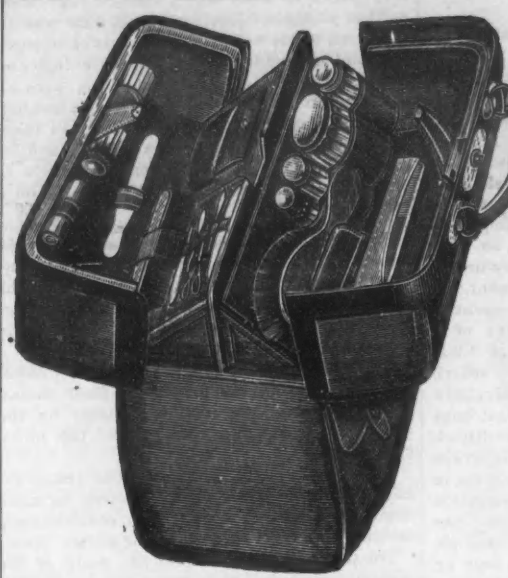
"I am going out for a turn by the sea," she said hurriedly. "I shall not be long gone—only a quarter of an hour, or so. I have a racking headache, and shall not sleep all night if I don't get a little fresh air."

"Bless you, miss, I should have it then!" returned the good-natured woman. "My first-front is out too, and the door will be left open for him till goodness knows when. But take care of yourself, my dear—excuse me for mentioning it."

"Oh, I shall be all right!" Nellie answered, wearily.

She put an end to all further attempts at conversation by going down the narrow stairs with a slow, heavy tread, as unlike her usual quick way of descending as Mrs. Foster looked after her in pitiful amazement.

"Am I right in letting a young thing like her go out by herself at this time of night?" she pondered; but being called by her husband, who was impatient for his supper, the thought



## Steamers Sailing for Europe

Aug. 6—from New York - Aller  
Aug. 6—" New York - City of Chester  
Aug. 7—" Quebec - Vancouver  
Aug. 9—" New York - Aurania

The best and cheapest place to get the requisite baggage to use on the voyage is

H. E. Clarke & Co.  
105 King St. West

specdily left her mind altogether.

With the same slow heavy step Nellie made her way out of the house, and turned instinctively towards the sea. A silver crescent moon shone with a pale cold light, the sky was studded with stars, a low soft wind went murmuring by, in front the restless trouble of the waters met her gaze. She chose as lonely and unfrequented a spot as possible, and gradually found herself nearing the Downs where she had spent that long blissful afternoon with Bernard—it seemed years since!

There was no one in sight—not a single friendly hand to hold her back as she drew nearer to the edge of the cliff—nearer still—and looked down on the wide dark expanse of waters. Yes, there was peace—there was rest. She did not know the cliff was unsafe—did not see how its edges had crumbled away. Headless of danger, she stood there, absorbed in her own thoughts. Yes, she would give him up; she would let him go back to his old life—it need be, back to his old love—for, with a woman's keen intuition, Nellie had read much "between the lines." She accepted the death-blow to all her hopes; but, oh, it was a cruel wound, a hard struggle!

Suddenly the clear tones of a clock in the town roused her from her sad thoughts. She started violently, and her foot slipped. She tried to draw it back, but the cliff crumbled again, the ground seemed to slide away beneath her, and she fell, unconscious of everything except the awful rushing of the air against her face.

This was how the "tour" ended for Nellie Travers.

A year later Mary McNeill was standing, dressed in deep mourning, beside a little grave. There was only a gray marble cross to mark the spot, with this inscription:

In loving Memory of  
MILDRED  
"Made equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day."

On Mary's face was written some of the history of her past life. There were still lines telling of the long and anxious watching, the heavy sense of bereavement, and, worse than all, the battle waged daily with herself against Bernard Thorne.

Only on the night before she had received a letter from him telling her that he had long since left the stage and gone abroad, unable to bear the stings of remorse connected with his theatrical life. Careless as to what became of himself, and anxious only to earn sufficient to keep body and soul together, he had been singularly fortunate—against his will at first; then he had thrown himself with all the force of his eager nature into the chances that came, and now he was in a good position as secretary to a mining company in South America.

Had come over to England for the one purpose of begging for a final interview with his first love, and, as he averred, his last.

She decided that all that had happened between herself and Bernard was a page in her life, and she could not turn to it again, least of all now, in her hour of utter weariness of heart.

So she thought, as she stooped to gather a white rose-bud from the snowy mass of flowers she had just placed on the grave.

When she looked up, she found she was no longer alone. Bernard stood beside her, worn, haggard-looking perhaps, but with the light of an honest and a purified love shining in his eyes.

"I came because I could not help it," he said, in answer to the unspoken question. "Darling, heart of my heart, you will not turn from me."

And Mary found that she could not.

THE END.

Various Burial Customs.

The Tibetians cut in pieces the bodies of their dead and threw them into the lakes to feed the fish. The ancient Egyptians suffered the bodies of their departed relatives to be eaten by dogs specially kept for the purpose. The early Norsemen used to place the Viking in his ship and send him flaming out to sea with all his belongings. The Ethiopians disposed of the dead either by throwing them into the river or by preserving them in their houses in statues of gold or baked clay. The Babylonians embalmed their dead in honey, and disinterred them, which they believed to be nothing but a sacrifice to the sun. The Guanches rudely embalmed their corpses, drying the bodies in the air and covering them with varnish. The paleolithic cave-dwellers of France and Belgium buried their dead in natural grottoes and crevices of the rocks, similar to those in which they lived. The Peruvians appear to have preserved the bodies of their incas after the Egyptian fashion, and in early times mummies seem to have had an abiding place in Mexico. The Greeks of old were enjoined by law to burn the dead, and the Romans, who in the time of the republic had interred their dead, adopted the Grecian usage in the days of Sulla. The Persians lay their dead on a bier made of reeds, and the bier is carried to the place of interment, where the vultures clean the bones, which in a month are removed and deposited in deep wells containing the dust of many generations. On the Himalayan slopes the Sikhs burn the bodies of the dead, and scatter the ashes to the four winds, while the tribes of Omalaska and Nootka Sound bury them in the hill-tops, and expect every wayfarer to throw a stone on the grave. Herodotus tells us of favorite horses and slaves being sacrificed at the holocaust of the dead chief, and in many countries the wives had the privilege of dying with their husbands, a custom which has continued in the Hindu Suttee down to the present generation. The Burmese, before burying the body of a gentleman, inclose it in a varnished coffin and, after divers hymns and processions, place it on a pyre of precious woods, which is then ignited, and the body is burned until nearly consumed, when the body is taken from the flames and buried. The Cheyenne Indian hangs the dead body of his friend among the foliage of his native forests, a prey to the vulture and the sport of every storm; or else, swathing it with willow branches, places it with the feet southward in some cottonwood tree, together with a plentiful supply of food, arms and tobacco, to be consumed on its voyage to the happy hunting grounds. The Chinese bury their dead in the fairest spots in the land. They are extraordinarily devoted to the dead, and the labor con-

tract of every copple emigrant specially stipulates that in case of death his body shall be carried back to China, that his dust may mingle with that of his forefathers and join their spirits in the flowery kingdom. Otherwise, he believes that his soul will wander amid strangers unknown and astray.—*Collier's Once a Week.*

## A Promise Kept.



Merchant—Now, my boy, I'll give fifteen dollars for the first month with the promise of a raise at the end of that time.



He got it.

## Fast English Trains.

James Payn says in the *Illustrated News* if you want to see the country, not in a hurry, and stopping at all sorts of beautiful places not in the Bradshaw programme, you should come to London by the Dover express. A Londoner myself, I had no idea what advantages were afforded to its passengers, until quite lately. I had read letters in the newspapers about "the creeping of the trains," of course, but nothing of the opportunities they afford to the lovers of the picturesque by actual stoppages. I came up on Monday, June 30 (to be exact), by the train that ought to have arrived at Charing-Cross at 9.50 a. m., and between Sevenoaks and London Bridge we stopped no less than eight times, I suppose to admire the scenery. The places, nowhere near stations, and charmingly secluded, were no doubt chosen for that purpose, and gave me great satisfaction; but the disapproval of some fellow-passengers, who wanted to "catch an express" at Euston, was so loud and vehement that it greatly interfered with my appreciation. They did not seem to care the least for the views, and, so far from acknowledging the forethought of the directors in providing them, condemned them (in very appropriate, because picturesque, language) "up hill and down dale."

They told me the story of the gentleman who refused to provide a ticket for his dog at Dover, on the ground that that animal would come as quickly running by the side of the train. A compromise was, however, effected by his being tied on to the last compartment, under which he ran, like a Danish or carriage dog, as far as Sevenoaks. It had been the secret hope of the engine-man that, before then, the creature would have been strangled—a victim to a too daring competition—whereas he seemed quite fresh and not in the least inconvenienced by the rate of travel. The speed was therefore put on to the extreme limit known to the express, and at London Bridge they found the poor dog, very tired—with waiting. He had bitten through the rope and run on, and greeted his master on the platform with a smile that seemed to say, "Well, you have got here at last!" Another story of the train was that a man on the roadside, unaccustomed to its appearance and peculiar rate of speed, was seen reverently to remove his hat. He had taken the Dover express for a funeral procession. For my part, I do not live on this line of railway, and care nothing about its unpunctuality; what I was struck by was its love of the picturesque, and determination to enjoy it, though by fire and stars. But I can imagine that if a man wanted to catch a train at Euston, the loss of half an hour (exactly) between Sevenoaks and Charing-Cross, through these rural surveys, must have been rather irritating.

## Just For Emergencies.

Temperance Lecturer (to tramp whom he sees imbibing)—My good sir, why do you carry that abominable flask?

Thirsty Wanderer—I like to have it for emergencies.

T.—What kind of emergencies.

T. W.—Oh, in case I should get dry, for instance.

The only Pullman Sleeper for New York is via Erie Ry., leaving Toronto 4.55 p. m.

Comfort is everything while traveling and in order to obtain this little luxury, you should purchase your tickets via the picturesque Erie. You can also leave Toronto at 3.40 p. m., by the magnificent steamer, Empress of India, solid train from Port Dalhousie.



# Carbuncles

For years I was afflicted with Carbuncles on the back of my neck. They were a source of much suffering. I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which cured the Carbuncles, and has since kept me entirely free from them; my appetite is improved, and I am in better health than ever before. — O. Snell, Lowell, Mass.

I was troubled, for a long time, with a tumor which appeared on my face in ugly pimples and blotches. By

## Taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla I was cured. I consider this medicine the best blood purifier in the world. — Charles H. Smith, Northraftsbury, Vt.

I had numbers of Carbuncles on my neck and back, with swellings in my arms, and suffered greatly. Nothing relieved me until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine restored me to health. — Selby Carter, Nashville, Tenn.

By taking a few bottles of Ayer's Sar-



## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	\$2.00
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors.

Vol. III] TORONTO, AUG. 9, 1890. [No. 37

## Music.

Some of the musical people are being seen about town, bronzed and full of fish stories. Speaking of fish, I believe all musical men are ardent fishermen, a rather curious matter. All who have been away and have returned, have had great luck catching prodigious baskets, both as to numbers and size, being better artists with the rod, or else possessing more variegated imaginations than their non-musical brethren. The exception I refer to was a little man who was away four weeks and fished and fished and changed his territory without ceasing, from early morn to dewy eve, and says he caught—nothing! What think you? was he in sooth a poorer and less lucky fisher than his brethren, or was he a more brilliant—hum—well, novelist? I don't think the dear little man would wittingly exaggerate his ill-luck, and I really believe that he just morned and morned and dozed those four weeks away by brook and lake, and—thought he was fishing.

The fish stories told by these returned minstrels, spiced as they are by reminiscences of the jug and bottle department and glowing descriptions of scenery, are particularly maddening to those of us who are still at the treadmill. The hard workers who stayed in town during July to keep the summer terms going have gradually trickled away, and another two or three days will see every one out of town but the returned pilgrims, and we that go late will have the advantage over the early ones in this respect, that we have heard their yarns and can go them one better when we take up the story-telling chair.

From all of which it will be seen that musical news of local interest is quite scarce. Still various items of gossip are flopping about and are gradually assuming shape. I find that next season will be quite an orchestral one. The Torrington Orchestra is being re-organized and strengthened in its artistic resources and may give more frequent concerts than in former seasons. This, of course, is what we might expect from its energetic conductor when he finds his field invaded. The other and newer body—the Toronto Symphony Orchestra—is hard at work with its subscription list, and has already done some excellent rehearsing, so that even from our local resources there will be a very fair amount of orchestral music in Toronto. Then Strauss and his wonderful orchestra will be with us in September, and in November Carl Zerrahn will give three concerts with his orchestra of forty musicians, and a string of soloists headed by Mlle. Lena De Vine, fresh from Parisian triumphs, Mme. Ida Bond-Young, and Miss Annie Beere from New York, as well as Dr. Carl Martin and Miss Adele Ausder Ohe, quite a formidable array. This ought to be a good series, as Mr. Zerrahn is the genial gentleman who conducted the orchestra at the Emma Juch concerts a year ago. To add to these fine prospects, I was asked this week by a gentleman whether I thought that a couple of concerts by Theodore Thomas would pay, as he thought of securing them.

The Choral Society has decided upon its plans for next season. At least one concert will be given, and all that careful preparation and rehearsal can do will be expended upon its entertainments. For the first concert the works chosen are Brahms's Song of Destiny, Richard Hoffman's Schöne Melusine and Eaton Fanning's Song of the Vikings, all with orchestral accompaniment. I am told that so far from the Choral Society losing any of its strength by the drafts upon singers resulting from the recruiting for the two vocal societies, it will next season be stronger in singing forces than ever and it will endeavor to maintain its position—not at the tail of the hunt.

In the meantime, there seems to be some little uncertainty after all, as to which works the Philharmonic Society will take up for its first concert. Some of its officers are in favor of singing Mackenzie's Cottar's Saturday Night and McCunn's Lady of the Lake as I announced two weeks ago, but a strong push is being made to secure another performance of the Elijah. Such a repetition would undoubtedly bring back a lot of the old members, people who would not for worlds miss a chance of singing that music. A few days will settle the matter however, and here, too, we may expect a vigorously conducted campaign.

The Haslam Vocal Society has been organized for the ensuing season and the following officers elected: Patron, Col. Sir Casimir S. Gzyski, K.C.M.G., A.D.C. to Her Majesty the Queen; Hon. President, Mr. George A. Cox, President, Mr. D. E. Cameron; Vice-President, Mr. James Martin; Secretary, Mr. William C. Fox; Assistant Secretary, Mr. C. P. Whelan; Treasurer, Mr. Harry English; Committee, Mr. A. H. Greene, Mr. D. F. McCloskey, Mr. C. E. Clarke, Mrs. Walsh, Miss Barr, Mrs. J. B. Hall; Musical Director and Conductor, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam.

The Conservatory is clearing its decks for action next autumn. Mr. Drysdale tells me that several new teachers have been appointed, among them being Miss Ethelind G. Thomas, A. T. C. M., for piano; Miss Eva Roblin, for

voice; and Fraeulin Tony Hoffmann for German.

Mr. W. Lewis Hunter has been secured by the choir of the Church of the Redeemer as principal tenor.

On Tuesday evening, August 5, the cottagers of Lorne Park held a social musicale, which, by the way, has become a weekly affair at this favorite summer resort. The ladies and gentlemen taking part were Prof. Bohner, Miss Jackson, Mr. (Lord) Walters, Miss Alkenhead, Mr. Rogers, Mr. T. Alkenhead and Mr. Davis, Mr. John Sloan being in the chair. The programme was a thoroughly popular one, and exactly suited to the tastes of the audience. The evening being very warm, many strolled about on the lawn listening to the sweet strains of the music, which was wafted out on the evening air.

From an account of the proceedings of the annual convention of the Music Teachers' National Association which was held at Detroit last month (said account being very late in reaching me) I see that Miss Jessie Corlett, formerly of Toronto, was one of the principal soloists at the concerts which formed part of the reunion. Miss Corlett's singing won great praise and she is ably sustaining the reputation of this musical family.

The fine organ built and placed in the Parkdale Methodist church by Iye & Son, at a cost of \$3,400, was opened on Monday evening with an organ recital by several musicians of the city. The performance was highly satisfactory both to the church and the organ builder inasmuch as the ability of the performers and their various styles of grouping the stops fully proved the excellence of the instrument. All who took part acquitted themselves admirably and won the appreciation of the large audience. The choir of the church has considerably improved under the direction of Mr. J. T. Easton and sang with marked expression.

The following programme was performed: a. Gavotte (Roubler), b. chorus (Handel), Mr. Lye; a. offertorio in C minor (Bach), b. Hymn of the Nuns (Wely), Mr. Jones; chorus, Praise Ye the Father, the choir; finale—5th Symphony, Mr. A. A. Blakey; cavatina—Raff, Mr. A. A. Burns; overture—Poet and Peasant, Mr. Shannon; march—Scotson-Clarke, Mr. Lye; chorus—The Radiant Morn, the choir; a. march—Silver Trumpets (Rimbault), b. fantasia in F (Scotson-Clarke), Mr. Jones; menuet—Symphonique (Bachmann), Mr. Blakey; offertorio in A—(Bach), Mr. Burns; chorus—Gloria, 12th Mass (Mozart), the choir.

Our genial H. Guest Collins with his wife and family sail for Germany on Tuesday next, and expects to be absent two years. The same day takes away from us Mr. Harry M. Field, who also goes to the Fatherland.

METRONOME.

## The Drama.

In this age of realistic stage consideration, says a writer in the *Theater Magazine*, when the scenic effect is weighed even more carefully than the lines that call it forth, it seems strange that the subject of physiognomy in plays never presents itself. Physiognomy has been proven to be no mere fanciful speculation, but a consistent and well-considered system of character reading. Therefore to take a few illustrations from the *World's* artist's dream of realistic stage productions (lately published in the *Theater*), since it becomes necessary to introduce real balloons, real oceans and real water, real rain and real icebergs, real bogzans and real volcanoes, why should not managers try and introduce real men whose face and form bear some affinity to the parts they are playing? Physiognomy, I admit, is not a subject on which even the general mass of people is informed—as far as study goes—though we have all said at some time or other, without perhaps reasoning why, when we have noticed certain people, that we did not like his countenance, or he had a very intelligent face, or a very disagreeable smile. If these remarks are made by those unacquainted in the science of physiognomy, called forth merely by a confection of temperament, how much more so would it be to those adroit in reading the signs of character through the face. Why should a man—whose selfish propensities are so visibly apparent that it is noticeable to those most ignorant of physiognomy—be cast to play a philanthropist; or a man whose face is utterly devoid of thought play the part of a lawyer whose whole life is one of thoughtful calculation? A homely woman is invariably cast to play a pretty girl, even when the lines of the play continually allude to her beauty as her only charm. The beautiful, the benevolent, the honest, the thoughtful, the homely, the bad, are faces that we meet every day coupled with their respective dispositions. Then why, on the stage, they should be so adrift, is something I do not understand. To my mind, the first step in realism would be the casting of parts where the man's or woman's face would be in sympathy with the lines they recited. It would not take the study of physiognomy to do this, but judgment. It would oftentimes save a confusion of thought, better illustrate the author's idea, and cause a more realistic, if not correct, performance. I think many will agree with me in this.

The San Francisco *Argonaut* says: "Jim the Penman is a chestnut," and then gives it two columns of criticism. Chestnuts are handy sometimes when copy is scarce.

Charles Wyndham is at odds with the London critics. They called his Young Marlow in *She Stoops to Conquer* a desecration, and he stopped sending them tickets. Two great London dailies forthwith gave orders that the actor be never again mentioned in their columns, and it looks as if the boycott would extend to the entire English press. Mr. Wyndham made a mistake, not in supposing that newspaper condemnation of his acting could not hurt him, but in forgetting that to an actor newspaper condemnation is a very mild evil compared to being treated as if he were too insignificant to discuss.

Dion Boucicault has arrived at the conclusion

that tragedians use an unnatural voice because the characters they represent are larger than life, and to employ the natural voice would jar upon audiences that are to be taken into past centuries among colossal creations.

It is reported that while the London press almost unanimously recognize Nat Goodwin's ability as a comedian, he is playing to very poor business across the water.

In *The Maister of Woodbarrow* it is said Mr. E. H. Sothern has a part utterly unlike any character he has yet assumed. This represents a peculiar type of a young Devonshire lad, with elements of uncouthness and yet of high dignity and nobility of character. Mr. Frohman has furnished Mr. Sothern with the best company the young actor has yet had in support.

General Sherman relates an interesting story about Joseph Jefferson. He says: "Joe came to my room in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, about three years ago, and we chatted at the window there one summer afternoon. He had with him a light, thin overcoat, which he threw over a chair. After he had gone I found under the chair a roll of paper tied with a piece of red tape—the old red tape that I know so well. I picked it up, inspected it, and then I said, 'This is not mine,' and ran out to catch Joe. I ran to the elevator, shouting, 'Joe, Joe!' I saw him two stairs below, but my voice wouldn't go down, it would only go up, so I had to run down, and I finally overtook him. 'Joe, did you drop this roll of paper?' He turned to me with a look full of joy. 'My God, Sherman, you have saved my life!' 'What do you mean? how have I saved your life?' 'Why,' replied Jefferson, with that familiar twinkle in his eye, 'I am publishing my life, and that is the first chapter.'"

There are only a few of us left, says the joke-man of the *Mirror*, and yet they say that Roland Reed is endeavoring to get fat on mush and milk, while Edwin Arden is trying baked beans at every meal. An inquiry into the tastes of some of our historians reveals the harrowing facts that:

Sol Smith Russell likes smoked beef;  
W. J. Scanlan does not enjoy his dinner unless he has fried bananas for dessert;  
Dixey revels in rum omelet;  
Modjeska eats Saratoga potatoes by the pound;  
Grace Elkins is a slave to asparagus, with drawn butter;  
Ada Rohan takes pepper and salt on her little necks;  
Jane Stewart, the new ingenue, has no use for pie without cheese;  
While dainty Della Fox cherishes a guilty passion for Lyonnais potatoes.

Lawrence Barrett has entirely recovered from the distressing malady which threatened to rob the American stage of one of its ornaments. He will act again, it is said, next season.

Here is a deserving tribute to a bright comedienne at once pretty, sincere and touching: DEAR ROSINA VOKES.—You have heard what I am going to say too often for novelty, but it is more for my own satisfaction that I want to say it than in any hope of pleasing you, though I would like to do that too; and I cannot but believe that you must rejoice in the knowledge, old though it may be, that you have filled one more heart with sunshine.

Ever since you and I were little girls you have been a joy and delight to me, and since you have taken up the habit of coming every year with the smiling daffodils, I have basked in your delicious humor—sometimes near to tears, as all true humor is—with ever-increasing admiration of your genius. But it is for this spring I want to thank you. I had been ill and much troubled and you came, a potent physician—a best medicine. I carry you about and my blues turn to rose-color and my grumbles to smiles.

Alas! when you are sick and sorry there will be no Rosina Vokes for you to go to see. But that the brightness you have shed on others will return to warm and cheer you as you have warmed and cheered us is the sincere wish of

Yours gratefully,  
NELLY FAULDER CLARK,  
104 West Thirty-eight street,  
May 15, 1890. New York.

William Winter, the well-known dramatic critic, recently presented to the Players' Club the girle that Adelaide Neilson wore the last time she played Rosalind in America, and a miniature portrait of Mary Anderson.

Two cars sixty feet long have been purchased to transport the scenery and belongings of The County Fair. A western manager predicts that unless a few real cows or tank effects are introduced in Macbeth, Richard III. and others of Shakespeare's plays the legitimate will have to take second place next season.

It is reported that when Sara Bernhardt's present contract expires she intends coming to America to play Romeo to Margaret Mather's Juliet.

## Literary Chat.

Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan's book, *A Social Departure*, is meeting with great and deserved success. A brighter record of a journey is not often met with.

The *Week* in order to encourage local literary talent is offering prizes of \$50, \$30, \$20 and \$10 for the four best short stories submitted to it before the first of November.

For literary training says Thos. Wentworth Higginson, the influence of natural beauty is simply priceless. On this flowery bank, on this rippled shore are the true literary models. How many living authors have ever attained to writing a single page which could be for one moment compared, for the simplicity and grace of its structure, with this green spray of wild woodbine or yonder white wreath of blossoming clematis? A finely organized sentence should throb and palpitate like the most delicate vibrations of the summer air. We talk of literature as if it were a mere matter of rule and measurement, a series of processes long since brought to mechanical

perfection; but it would be less incorrect to say that it all lies in the future; tried by the out-door standard, there is as yet no literature, but only glimpses and guide-boards; no writer has yet succeeded in sustaining, through more than some single occasional sentence, that fresh and perfect charm. If by the training of a life-time one could succeed in producing one continuous page of perfect cadence, it would be a life well spent. If one could learn to make his statements as firm and unswerving as the horizon line,—his continuity of thought as marked, yet as unbroken, as yonder soft gradations by which the eye is lured upward from lake to wood, from wood to hill, from hill to heavens,—what more bracing tonic could literary culture demand? As it is, art misses the parts; yet does not grasp the whole.

A writer in the *Teacher and Examiner* says: The English language and its literature now claim all the wealth that once lay "dead" in Greek and Latin. It was appropriated on the ground that a coin in circulation is better than a coin locked up in a vault. The lock has been opened and all the riches of ancient literature abstracted and scattered to the ends of the earth. American students seldom live long enough to master their own language. "Life is too short" to waste precious years in finding that which has been "discovered." Archbishop Farrar in an article on Literary Criticism, in the *Forum* for May, decrying ill-tempered or pointless censure, quite frequently quotes from Latin or some other foreign tongue to elucidate his points. All such "elucidations" are lost to the vast majority of his readers. This pernicious and pedantic habit is common among scholarly linguists. They seem to forget that ninety-nine of every hundred of their readers are untaught in the dead or foreign languages, and that all such quotations are gibberish to them. Perhaps the brilliant Archbishop did not employ Latin, French and German to show his erudition, but he certainly showed a want of good taste in tantalizing most of his admiring readers with his occasional learned obscurities in the *Forum* article.

After Mr. Howells' lucubrations against Thackeray, it is interesting to read what the English scholar, William Ernest Henley, writes of that author. Of Thackeray Henley says, epigrammatically, that he was the average clubman, plus genius and a style. He finds in the author of *Vanity Fair* a highly respectable British cynic, who delights in reminding us that everybody is a humbug; that we are all rank snobs; that to misuse your aspirates is to be ridiculous and incapable of real merit; that all is vanity; that there's a skeleton in every house; that passion, enthusiasm, excess of any sort is absurd. All the same, his manner is the perfection of conversational writing; graceful, yet vigorous; adorably artificial, yet incomparably sound; touched with modishness, yet informed with distinction; instinct with urbanity, yet instinct with charm—it is a type of high-bred English, a climax of literary art. He was a born writer, and he had learnt his art before he began to practise it.

Current Literature includes in its list of notable articles in the magazines for the month a paper on Grouse Shooting on American Prairies in *Outing*, by Mr. E. W. Sandys.

## Art and Artists.

In an address delivered at Manchester recently at the opening of a school of art Sir Frederick Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, said: "Let your young folks further see on the subject of industrial art that it is not merely in sumptuous and stately furniture, in costly tissues, such as those that have been spread before us with so liberal a hand by Sir Charles Robinson—not in the working of precious metals only, or the in-weaving of jewels—that in these only is the highest level of beauty attained; but in the hands of Greeks, of Egyptians, of Etruscans, of Japanese, and other gifted nations, the most humble utensils, the ordinary appliances, the cup, the goblet, the spoon, the fork, the platter, the lamp, the mirror, the comb for the toilet, the humble stove, the settle—all these things have been invested with curve and form, with rhythmic proportions so lovely and so full of subtlety and variety that it would seem that with the people among whom they have been produced the sense of beauty pervaded the air and was overwhelming. This let your young people see, and so, not in a day—of course we don't expect miracles—we shall find the physical sense bred amongst the many, and amongst the few original intellectual genius will be evolved by the diffusion of a higher standard of taste and perception. A favorable atmosphere for production will be engendered, and in the multiplication of comely and delightful surroundings, a steady source of wholesome and unassailable delights will spread increasingly, and more and more embrace a wider number of homes within its elevating influence, bringing into their lives, and firing all their spirits with light and warmth, which I am afraid I must say is too seldom vouchsafed to them in this gloom-bound northern climate."

The Architects' Association of Ontario met in the rooms of the Architectural Sketch Club on Tuesday. There were present Messrs. D. B. Dick, S. G. Curry, E. Burk, W. B. Storn, and S. H. Townsend of this city, Messrs. Rastick and Edwards of Hamilton, Messrs. Ewart and Arnold of Hamilton, and Mr. Blackwell of Peterborough. Mr. W. J. Storm was elected president, and Mr. S. H. Townsend registrar.

A meeting of the Art Students' League was held on Tuesday evening. The chief topic of discussion was in keeping with the season, viz.—a holiday trip to Niagara. This will probably take place this month.

Mr. Carl Ahrens has returned from the country.

Marine subjects seem to have an irresistible fascination for artists these days.

## How It Might.

"They say gum chewing undermines the intellect." "I didn't know that, but it nearly pulled out my wisdom-teeth."—*Harper's Bazar*.



## Day Dawn

For Saturday Night.

All yesternight the thought of you was resting in my soul,  
And when sleep wandered o'er the world that very thought  
sh: stole  
To fill my dreams with splendor such as stars could not  
eclipse,  
And in the morn' I wakened with your name upon my lips

Awakened, my beloved, to the morning of your eyes,  
Your splendid eyes so full of clouds, wherein a shadow  
tries  
To overcome the fume that melts into a world of gray,  
As coming suns dissolve the dark that veils the edge of day

Cool drifts the air at dawn of day, cool lies the sleeping dew,  
But all my heart is burning, for it woke from dreams of you  
And O! these longing eyes of mine look out and only see  
A dying night, a waking day, a calm on all but me

So gently creeps the morning thro' the heavy early air,  
The dawn garb-garbed and velvet-shod is wand'ring every-  
where,  
To wake the slumber-laden hours that leave their dream-  
less rest

With outspread laggard wings to court the pillows of the  
west.

Up from the earth a moisture steals with color fresh and  
soft,  
A smell of moss and grasses warm with dew, and far aloft  
The stars are growing colder, while drooping in the west  
A late moon is paling in a sky of amethyst

The passing of the shadows as they wait their pinions near  
Has stirred a tender wind within the night-hushed atmo-  
sphere,  
That in its homeless wandering sobs in an undertone  
An echo to my heart that sobbing calls for you alone

The night is chained, beloved, and another day set free,  
Another day of hunger for the one I may not see,  
What care I for the perfect dawn? the blue and empty sky!  
The night is always mine without the morning of your eyes

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

## Cupid or Cupidity.

For Saturday Night.

There are blessings still in store  
When we're desperate of the least;  
I have fallen in love once more,  
Though I rather thought I'd ceased.  
Once again I feel the ache,  
And the yearning and the flame,  
And the thrill one can't mistake  
When one hears the lady's name

She's so positively rich,  
Quite a host of fellows vow  
That she ought to settle which  
She proposes to endow.  
But her heart's a secret shrine  
Where a magic fountain drips;  
She would soon to waste love's wine  
On their avaricious lips

I exhibit ignorance  
Of her father's stocks and shares,  
And when people talk finance,  
I wear transcendental airs.  
Yet with wariness and wit  
Though my wits are well combined,  
Still her red lips do not smile  
Nor her pretty eyes grow kind

Every hope and wish beside,  
Every prospect, mean or large,  
I'd forego if she'd confide  
Her dear future to my charge.  
For love little reckons of thrift  
When youth's passion paths are heat,  
All my life in one great gift,  
I would lavish at her feet

She has self-assertive ways,  
And her plans are all her own;  
What she purchases or pays,  
Is her business alone.  
But upon her haughty brow  
Other records will appear;  
There is many a happy vow  
To be whispered in her ear

Not in politics profound,  
Yet she's clever in the house;  
And she'll stand upon her ground  
During rumors of a mouse.  
She has never swooned from fright  
When a chimney went on fire,  
While a thunderstorm at night  
Is a thing we both admire

She has principles of dress  
Which respect the latest code,  
But she quite avoids excess  
And abhors the wretched mode.  
She has never heaped her head  
With a trophy of the chase;  
She objects to brilliant red  
And despises modish lace

With a talent quite unguessed,  
She is court and kitchen wise;  
Most unusually trained,  
She can cook and criticize.  
She could bake you white or brown,  
And the servants proudly say  
You must taste her sponge cake do n,  
Lest it rise and float away

For good music and high art,  
For the ball room and the street,  
Growing native in her heart,  
That rare blossom—Taste—you meet.  
She detests (I hate it too)  
All society venere,  
And the way she looks it through  
Is distractingly severe

While the flowers that seek the sun  
Are the isoonest flowers to fall,  
Fruit the hardest to be won  
Is the sweetest after all.  
So I humor her conceits,  
And endeavor not to vex;  
Could you win her, Hope repeats,  
You could sign your name to cheques

ALBERT E. S. SMYTH.

## A Woman's Scorn.

Her perfect loveliness was chilled  
With stern patrician pride  
That always made me feel half snubbed  
Whenever I gained her side;  
Yet by the sea I loved with her  
To watch the day decline,  
E'en though her name began with Miss  
And Mr. preiced mine

For round her breathed an air of love  
No formal airs concealed,  
And yester eve—thrice happy hour—  
A kiss my heart revealed.  
I heeded not her flaming scorn  
Nor meekly paused to parry,  
But clasped her close, for in her wrath  
She cried "How dare you, Charlie!"  
P. McArthur in *Munsey's Weekly*.



## Noted People.

The Empress Eugenie is traveling in Norway under an assumed name.

Emperor William of Germany has been studying the Russian language for a year.

By her will Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, the English poetess, who died recently, leaves \$315,000 to charitable and educational establishments for women.

A philanthropic desire to fit herself to be a nurse has led Lady Alexandria Leveson-Gower, daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, to enter a London hospital.

The Grand Duchess Xenia, daughter of the Czar, who is engaged to be married to her second cousin, the Grand Duke Alexander, is but 15 years of age.

Olive Schreiner, the author of *An African Farm*, has, it is said, a liking for raw meat. She takes her beefsteak just warm enough to remove the effects of the ice-box.

The small Archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the late Crown Prince of Austria, is said to be growing exactly like her mother. The little girl is an enthusiastic entomologist, and never leaves the Castle of Laxenburg, where she lives, without a butterfly net.

Her Majesty the Queen pays great attention to the floral wreaths which she sends out. Inquiry is made as to what were the favorite flowers of the deceased person, and if it is possible they are obtained. All the Royal wreaths are made at the gardens at Frogmore.

A voting contest lately instituted by a popular London paper shows Miss Braddon to be the favorite novelist of the English public. Rider Haggard following two hundred votes behind that inexhaustible story-teller, and Walter Besant pushing Mr. Haggard close.

One of Horace Greeley's nephews is a barber in a little town in Warren county, Pa. In personal appearance he is not unlike his distinguished uncle. He thinks Horace might also have become a great barber if he had not got switched off in another direction when he was young and immature.

While the Empress Frederick has been in London she has been engaged on a strange tour of inspection. Accompanied by her German architect and several well-known gentlemen who make a specialty of baths, she has visited a number of large houses in London in order to get some fresh ideas for baths to fit up in her own home.

Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, is a hoary-headed man with a scholarly stoop, and still presides over the Phonetic Institute, Bath, England. He is rising seventy-eight, yet he supervises a correspondence of thirty thousand letters a year, besides editing the *Phonetic Journal* and compiling the numerous books which he annually publishes.

Sir Robert Rawlinson is a Lancashire self-made man. On one occasion, while passing through Chorley, he pointed to a step and said, "That step is well set." His friend, who was a well-known lawyer, laughed heartily, and said, "How should I know?" He, in reply, said, "Well I know it is, for I set it myself," having worked as a working stonemason in Chorley.

The famous preacher, Rev. Phillips Brooks, takes no summer vacation, but is found in his place Sunday after Sunday, throughout the hot weather. His friend Judge Howland delights to tell the story of the Rugby football player, who, when he saw the massive figure of the Boston minister loom up in the chapel pulpit, exclaimed: "Great heavens! what a man for a center rush!"

A bon mot, to which fate has since added an ironical comment, has been attributed to the ex-Emperor of Brazil. On being shown one of those mechanical wonders, which always interested him more than the cares of government, a wheel that made we know not how many revolutions in the minute: "Why," said the monarch, "it actually beats our South American republics."

A young woman requested Moltke and Bismarck to write in her album. The marshal wrote: "Falsehood passes away, truth remains.—Von Moltke, Field Marshal." Bismarck took the pen and added: "I know very well the truth will prevail in the next world; but, in the meantime, a field marshal himself would be powerless against falsehood in this world.—Von Bismarck, Chancellor of the Empire."

The Czar of Russia is especially fond of his Finnish possessions, because only in Finland does he feel himself safe from assassination. At present, accompanied by the Czarina and their children, he is making his annual picnic cruise among the Finnish islands. Sometimes the royal party lands for five o'clock tea, when the emperor gathers sticks for the fire, and the empress boils the kettle. They travel and live like any plain bourgeois couple, the Czar in tweeds, in which he looks enormous, and the Czarina in the simplest of yachting costumes.

The Duchess of Leinster, who, at the late state ball at Buckingham Palace, wore diamond epaulettes, a diamond corselet, many coils of lightly mounted diamonds—like glancing serpents—among the laces of her toilette, a diamond tiara, diamond bracelets, and more diamond brooches and buckles than the dazzled beholders could count, is not a mere fine lady. At Maynooth, in Ireland, she has established an industrial school for poor women and girls, under charge of the nuns, where the pupils are taught various industries, and where the beautiful young duchess herself both teaches in the classes, and tries to improve the forlorn condition of the peasants, who adore her.

Mrs. Adair of Rathdairs, Ireland, who, according to English newspapers, has refused an offer of \$1,750,000 for her cattle ranch in Colorado, holding the property for a round two millions, is the daughter of Gen. Wadsworth of Genesee, N. Y. At one time she was a dangerous rival of Mrs. Hamersley for the title of Duchess of Marlborough and such affections as the graceless duke had to bestow with it. Indeed, the *Oxford Chronicle* and *Berks Gazette*, published at the town nearest the ducal seat, in its issue of September 17, 1885, announced the engagement of the Duke of Marlborough and Mrs. Adair. Mrs. Adair was the widow of Col. Montgomery Ritchie, U. S. A., when she

married John George Adair, Esq., of Rathdairs, Queens Co., Ireland. She is a beauty and a capital conversationalist, while her reputation as a cross-country rider is the best in Ireland. Her social supremacy is recognized in the county.

The recent meeting between the Queen and the Empress Frederick calls to mind the following story, which is characteristic of Her Majesty's eldest daughter's notions and practice of discipline. Prince Henry, the brother of the present Emperor, had, when a small boy, the greatest objection to his daily bath, and the nursery became every morning the scene of a vigorous and fearful struggle on his part against tubbing. His mother tried in vain to persuade him that baths were inevitable, and that he must submit to them; but she finally gave the nurse orders one morning to let him have his own way. Prince Henry, confident that he had gained a remarkable victory, was exultant, and when he set out for his morning walk took no pains to conceal his triumph. He indulged in sundry taunting remarks to his attendants; but on returning home he was surprised to notice that the sentinel at the gate did not present arms as he passed. On reaching the palace he found a second sentinel equally remiss; and, knowing as well as any of his punctilious military race what was due to his rank, the little fellow walked up to the man and asked, severely:

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, Hohehn," said the sentinel, standing motionless.

"Who am I?"

"Prince Heinrich."

"Why don't you salute, then?"

"Because we do not present arms to an unwashed prince," replied the sentinel, who had received his orders from the prince's mother.

The little fellow said not a word, but walked on. Next morning he took his bath with perfect docility, and was never known to complain of it again.

## Love's Dream.

For Saturday Night.

Cupid, on a sultry day in June,  
A shelter sought from the fervent noon.  
He espied a cool inviting shade,  
A friendly shadow the hawthorn made.  
Some poppies fluted their blossoms high  
And wheat stalks rustled a lullaby.  
The summer silence was calm and deep  
And the drowsy boy inclined to sleep.  
He placed, as he pressed his mossy bed,  
His fateful quiver beneath his head.  
His eyelids drooped 'neath the languid day  
Until on his cheeks their lashes lay.  
A saphyr gave him a parting kiss,  
He dreamed, and the dream of love was this:  
He dreamt there stood in his very way  
A maiden fair as the flush of day.  
He drew, as he marked her rosy lips,  
An arrow's head to his finger tips,  
Let fly the dart in a vengeful way,  
The charming target to wound or slay.  
But smitten he seemed with feeble will,  
He could not wound her, nor could he kill.  
Dart after dart that he sped in vain  
He saw her catch with a cool disdain.  
Then Love awoke, in enraged surprise,  
And muttered, "She, whom I first meet, dies!"  
When lo, on a bank beside the plain  
A maiden sat with a weeping swain.  
Said Love, "A couple distraught they seem,  
Before I wound them I'll tell my dream."  
So he sat him down between the pair,  
And told his dream with a vexed air.  
And as he talked in the fading light,  
His vengeful threat was forgotten quite.  
Then up he arose and bade adieu,  
And a shadow fell between the two.  
"Love seems distressed by his dream," said he.  
"Ah! Love does little but dream," said she.  
R. CROOKENDEN.

## Toronto Girls and the Wheel.



While the women who ride bicycles in Toronto are not many, numbering only thirteen or thereabout as yet, the enthusiasm of those who have dared to mount the wheel is bound to be contagious. Talking with some of them yesterday I managed to elicit considerable information regarding the initiatory exercises, and my good opinion of bicycling for women was very materially strengthened.

Those I have spoken to have ridden only during this season, but they seem thoroughly in love with the exercise, and cited many cases in which others had announced a determination to "have a wheel next year."

I have carefully noticed the movements made, from the agile mount to the graceful descent from a wheel, and I am convinced that the popularly expressed opinion as to the hoydenish character of bicycling for women is founded on prejudice and ignorance.

The position assumed is an entirely graceful one, and a woman's seat on the wheel is attended with far more true elegance and naturalness of figure than in a saddle.

I was much surprised at the apparent ease with which the art of riding was acquired. The whole secret seemed to be to stay on and look graceful, and graceful they certainly were, with the well-timed movement, erect position and dainty costume appointments.

In bicycling, as in every other form of ener-

getic exercise, the dress for the occasion is of the simplest description and quite severe in its fashioning. The complete outfit is marked by a trimness which suggests at once the orthodox riding-habit. The head-gear, though, is more jaunty, the stiff hat being replaced by a natty cap in the most approved style. Regarding the length of the riding-skirt I found some differences of opinion, one assuring me that it should be at least three inches shorter than a walking dress, and another affirming as her belief that it was much better if longer than for ordinary wear. The same difference of opinion is manifested by the occasional departure from the postilion bodice.

"I wear a blouse with turned down collar, for there is considerable exercise about riding and I like the freedom," said one ardent bicyclist.

In bicycling the rider's personality is very obvious, for the dexterous or unskilful management of her wheel depends so entirely upon her grace or awkwardness.

The women who ride bicycles in Toronto have been much annoyed by the close attention which invariably greeted them on even the quietest streets, while some very funny incidents are still bright in their memories. It was the emphatic avowal of more than one daring rider that people stared unmercifully. So much so that wheels were left unused for some little time after encountering a particularly embarrassing crowd of stargers.

One pretty dark-haired girl while speaking of the annoyance of running the gauntlet of curious eyes laughed merrily over the description of a small boy who was much interested in her wheel. The urchin's one wild desire was to hear her ring her bell and he hurried after her half breathless, while his coaxing query: "Won't you ring yer bell, missis," was very amusing. "The trouble was," said the laughing narrator, "that he wanted me to go on ringing it." The story of the importunate little urchin, to whom the familiar ting-a-ling-gave such pleasure, was illustrative of only one of the odd phases of bicycling on country roads.

Toronto's female bicyclists do not confine themselves to wheeling over asphalt pavements, for I learned that Weston, Victoria Park and the Half-Way House were not unusual rides, and the query regarding lengthened fatigue was met with a smiling negative. An evening's wheeling does not tire more than an evening's walking, and the distance traveled means so much more pure country air for the time out.

To me the tall wheel with its male rider flying alongside a lady's safety which a girl, with well-trained muscles, is speeding over a level road is a very pretty picture. The "boys" seem delighted to add to the wheel's popularity through the manifest enthusiasm of their sisters and friends, while I know of one husband who rides very often, and is almost invariably accompanied by his wife on her well-managed bicycle. "People do say dreadful things and look very scornfully," said this same little woman, "but I am fond of it, and my husband wants me to ride with him, so if it pleases him and I like it, I don't care what they say." This is surely the proper spirit with which to begin a run. People are so ready to denounce the novel as the naughty that new customs have much to fight. There is an innate something which looks askance at innovations, and in ignorance singles out some fancied disparaging feature. Once established, this unjust conclusion becomes a foundation for often the most unpardonable prejudice.

Girls' lives to-day must differ from their grandmothers' girlhoods, and the idea of freedom is becoming well sustained in the minds of parents. Whatever conduces to health and broadens the mind, is likely to prove a strong factor of happiness, so the girls may wheel if they choose, while the wisecracks shake their heads and prophesy broken necks and hockneys.

Bicycling for women is yet in its infancy among us, but it is not unlikely that it will prove a most popular form of recreation in the very near future, for the boundless enthusiasm of those who ride, and the easily-detected exhilaration of the movement will be sure to bring many to swell the ranks of the Toronto bicyclists.

A very delightful picture was presented quite recently on Carlton street, as a well-guided lady's safety sped along, accompanied by a most protective-looking high wheel. The ride had been a brisk one, for the girl's face was glowing, while the dancing eyes told of vigor yet unspent. The wind's havoc with well-planned tresses was not unapparent. The free, strong movements bespoke great energy and strength. The laughing face turned up now and then, and the gleeful little laugh which was swept towards me indicated the pleasure enjoyed, while clusters of wild flowers straggling along her bodice, told me of a little wayside loitering out yonder, a little gay garnering of uncultivated blossoms, and a pleasant ride throughout, to which this brisk run along Carlton, in the gray dusk, was a most delightful finish.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

## High License vs. Prohibition.

Temperance Advocate—I see you have high license in your town. How does it operate? Col. Rumorse—Miserable. There are so few saloons that you can't enter one without having to treat a dozen friends; and, there being no competition, the whisky is vile. High license is a failure. Give me prohibition, and plenty of drug-stores.

## The Sunday Paper.

The demand for the Sunday paper steadily increases in spite of the feeble opposition made to it. As a brain product it is as marvelous a thing as marks this progressive literary age. It is an eclectic volume calculated to meet the tastes of all grades of readers, and represents the labor and thought of some of the ablest minds in the country. Back of each issue are hundreds of cultured workers and ready pens. Art written up by artists, sports by sportsmen, educational matters by educators, religious progress by the best known divines, novelettes by popular fiction writers, humor by heaviest salaried American wits, seaside letters by the breeziest correspondents, national growth and advancement by the ablest statesmen, and in fact everything of importance from the pens of specialists who are recognized authorities on the subjects handled. The photographic art and the wonderful mechanical processes for producing illustrations have made many of these papers picture books, in which are reproduced not



He—O, do say you will marry me! Why don't you answer?  
She (hesitating)—Er—er—er—  
He—Why, anyone would think I had asked you to sing!—Life.

only interesting scenes and sketches, but portraits of successful men and women, and pictures of every novelty produced by art or invention. The Sunday paper is an article which it takes hundreds of scholars and thousands of dollars to produce, and it is sold for less than the price of an ordinary loaf of bread. The Sunday paper has brought to the masses food for the mind at a lower rate than man's greatest endeavor has brought food for the stomach; and it can no more be stopped than the electrical current or the tidal wave.

## Kind Words for Canada's Summer.

The number is one of beauty, and handsomely illustrated. We have yet to see a finer production in the shape of a holiday number.—*Pickering News*.

The Sheppard Publishing Co. of Toronto has issued a very creditable holiday number entitled *Canada's Summer*, being a fine contrast to the winter productions which have led to an erroneous opinion of our country abroad.—*Newmarket Era*.

The work is neat but not gorgeous. The reading matter is light but not sensational. It contains thirty-two pages of reading matter in prose and poetry, and ought to prove a pleasant companion to those who may or can afford to pass an afternoon in some sylvan retreat far from the dust and toil of city life.—*York Herald*.

The Summer number of *SATURDAY NIGHT*, issued by the Sheppard Publishing Co. of Toronto, is a remarkably fine one—richly illustrated and full of literary matter which cannot fail to both instruct and entertain the reader.—*Colborne Express*.

The idea of a summer number of a Canadian newspaper is an excellent one, and may serve in a measure to show our continental friends that there is a summer in this country and that Canadians do not dwell in a region of perpetual Christmas numbers. The illustrations are excellent, and the number is full of timely short stories and poetry by acknowledged clever writers.—*Brandon Examiner*.

It is one of the handsomest illustrated papers ever gotten up in the Queen City. The plates are superb, while the literary matter shows signs of having been carefully selected.—*Stratford Times*.

The Holiday Number of *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT* is a credit to the publishers. The covers are printed in blue and gold, and present a neat and tidy appearance, while the inside is well printed on fine, heavy paper, profusely illustrated, and filled with interesting reading and poetry.—*Northumberland Enterprise*.

The Summer Holiday Number of *SATURDAY NIGHT* is a very excellent one. The contents are varied and of unusual interest, comprising a number of short stories, poetry of more than ordinary merit, and beautiful illustrations. Where *Roads Meet*, by the talented editor, Mr. Edmund E. Sheppard, is alone worth more than double the price of the number. It is written in his usual easy, natural style, and will charm every reader. The whole number is a very creditable production, and one that all Canadians may be proud to send to their friends abroad.—*Port Hope Times*.

*TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT* Holiday Number is beautifully gotten up as regards type, presswork, paper form and contents, and is a credit to the Sheppard Publishing Co. that issued it.—*Port Dover Maple Leaf*.

*TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT* came out in a remarkably fine holiday number, in an illuminating cover, profusely illustrated. The *Rope Ferry*, *Leaving the Lake*, *Mortgaging the Homestead*, *The Story of a Rembrandt* and others make very charming pictures. The reading matter is of a superior order and does credit to the firm.—*Albert (N. B.) Maple Leaf*.

The Holiday Number of *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT* is very neatly gotten up, and the articles are well written, racy and thoroughly Canadian.—*Bruce Herald*.

The *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT* has issued a carnival holiday number which, both as a work of art and an interesting literary contribution, will take first rank in current literature.—*Meaford Monitor*.

While the Carnival was a sell the same cannot be said of the Summer Number of the *SATURDAY NIGHT*. The publishers of this sprightly society journal have issued a most creditable Carnival Number full of interesting reading matter and illustrated with a number of excellent Canadian views.—*South Simcoe News*.

The Sheppard Publishing Co. of Toronto issued a special Carnival Number last week which is a very handsome and meritorious production, peculiarly appropriate to the summer season. In literary and artistic merit it is far ahead of what the occasion deserved.—*Goderich Star*.

By all odds the finest midsummer holiday publication that has reached our table is that of *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT*, from the Sheppard Publishing Co. It is certainly a credit to this enterprising firm of publishers.—*Bedford (Que.) Times*.

*TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT*, a society paper published in the Queen City, issued on July 1 a special holiday number, with stories and readings in prose and verse, suitable to the season, prominence being given in the numerous illustrations to the beauties of outdoor life, which

are nowhere more beautiful than in Canada. Altogether it is quite an ambitious effort.—*St. John (N. B.) Globe*.

The Holiday Number of *SATURDAY NIGHT* is a credit to Canadian journalism.—*Almonte Times*.

It is a very creditable production, magnificently illustrated and containing a large amount of excellent reading.—*Leamington Post*.

We have received a very beautiful copy of *SATURDAY NIGHT*, issued by the Sheppard Publishing Co., Toronto. It is entitled *CANADA'S SUMMER*.—*St. Marys Argus*.

The holiday number of *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT* is finely illustrated and contains numerous sketches of Canadian summer resorts, interspersed with short stories adapted to the holiday season.—*St. Thomas Evening Journal*.

It is a fine specimen of printing, and is full of the choicest original contributions and selections from story-writers, poets and the comic writer. It is profusely illustrated, and most of the sketches are original.—*Perth Courier*.

There are in the book 36 pages, consisting of a superior class of reading matter, the subjects treated being fully illustrated, together with six full page illustrations. The number is gotten up in the finest style of the art, and with the blue and gold cover makes a very attractive appearance.—*Port Arthur Herald*.

Besides containing a number of excellent literary hits, it opens with a sermonette on *Guests*, by Louise Markcheff; a short story, *Where Roads Meet*, by Edmund E. Sheppard; an article by Louis Frechette, entitled *With Victor Hugo*; *The Story of a Skull*, by Alex. F. Pirie; *Only a Younger Son*, by Seranus; *Why Smith Never Married*, by D. A. McKellar; *Tangles*, by Frances Burton Clare. Throughout the Holiday Number are interspersed poetical selections of a fine order. Coming to us once a week, *SATURDAY NIGHT* forms a pleasant recreation, and we are impressed with the idea that it is fully performing its duty in giving the fashionable world something solid and tangible with which to occupy the idle moments necessarily belonging to that class of mortals.—*Haldimand Advocate*.

It is replete with Canadian engravings of artistic design, and cannot fail to meet with the success it deserves.—*Napanee Express*.

The publishers of *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT* have surpassed themselves by the issue of their holiday number under the name of *CANADA'S SUMMER*. It consists of thirty-two pages of readable original matter, short stories, essays and poetry, printed on luxurious paper and illustrated in a style far above the average holiday editions of Canadian papers. It is finely gotten up in every respect, and is a pleasure to look at as well as to read.—*St. John (N. B.) Progress*.

We have received a copy of the Summer Number of *SATURDAY NIGHT*, the great popular weekly, published by Mr. Sheppard, Toronto. This fine number is a daisy and beats all past records.—*Delhi Reporter*.

*TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT*'s holiday number is entitled *CANADA'S SUMMER*, and has pictures of camp life and fishing. One picture represents *The Rope Ferry*, an old Canadian institution, swinging on a rope passing over pulleys, still in operation on the Trent river. Two beautiful pictures, *The Story and Mortgaging the Homestead*, from paintings by G. A. Reid, cannot fail to attract attention.—*Montreal Witness*.

Its publishers, the Sheppard Publishing Co. of Toronto, are to be congratulated upon the handsome appearance of this number. The *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT* is the favorite society and literary paper of Canada and we wish it the success which it so well merits.—*Liverpool (N.S.) Times*.

It is a rare work and a credit to Canadian journalism.—*Pictou (N.S.) Colonial Standard*.

We can only say that the number is highly creditable to the publisher and contains some rare gems of Canadian literature.—*Elora Express*.

The holiday number of *SATURDAY NIGHT* is superbly gotten up and reflects great credit on the Sheppard Publishing Company. It is called *CANADA'S SUMMER*, and a very good idea it gives of Canada in verse and prose. The number is magnificently illustrated, and will be a charming companion during a holiday.—*Regina (N. W. T.) Leader*.

*CANADA'S SUMMER* is the title of an admirable holiday number of *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT*, which contains a large amount of interesting reading, profusely illustrated.—*Orillia Packet*.

The special Summer Number of the *SATURDAY NIGHT* "is a thing of beauty." It is full of charming stories, sweet lyrics and splendid illustrations. The artistic finish is a credit to young Miss Canada.—*Meaford Mirror*.

*CANADA'S SUMMER* Number of *SATURDAY NIGHT* is a beautiful specimen of skillful work. The engravings are almost as real as life and the camping scenes remind us of our own beautiful islands in the Georgian Bay, and were it not that the description says they are scenes on islands in Stony Lake we would imagine ourselves in camp on Georgian Bay.—*Midland Free Press*.

The publishers of *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT* have issued a beautifully illustrated Summer holiday number.—*Blyth Standard*.







## BLIND FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

Author of "The Wooting Ot," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Will," &amp;c.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

## CHAPTER VI.

## A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

When Standish finished, Egerton did not speak for a moment or two. He stared at his companion in an odd, bewildered way, and rubbed the bread which lay beside him, as if unconscious of what he was about.

"I wonder what this fellow can have to tell!" he exclaimed at last. "I suppose he is some pal of the suspected Spaniard turning King's evidence." Egerton poured out a glass of wine and drank it off as soon as he had spoken. "I should like to hear what he has to say, and judge for myself. I shall run down to Eastport to-morrow."

"So shall I," returned Standish. "There's a train at eight-thirty. It will land us at Eastport by eleven to-morrow morning. I'll telegraph to Briggs to have the man at his office to meet us."

"If you cannot get away easily, I will do the best I can and report to you," said Egerton, glancing sharply at him and dropping his eyes again.

"I think I can manage it. I shall look in at Lady R.'s to-night and say a word to my chief. I shall see Sydney, too, a man who sometimes takes my work, Lord R.—is greatly interested in this business, and there is nothing very special going on. I can be very well spared."

"If it is necessary, then, for both to go—"

"I think it is decidedly necessary," interrupted Standish. "In Callander's absence I am the nearest friend to the murdered woman."

Egerton did not reply for some minutes, during which Standish called for and filled in a telegram form. "Send it at once. It will be delivered at cock-crow to-morrow if it be too late to-night. Now, Egerton, I must write a few letters and excuse myself to Dorothy Wynn, with whom I promised to walk to-morrow."

The poor little soul is fretting her life out. I shall not give her the least clue to the real reason why I am obliged to leave town to-morrow. I must say I am fidgety and anxious to ascertain what this man's revelations may lead up to. I wonder what has become of Dillon. I wish we could slip him at the new witness."

"He was in town a day or two ago. He called at my rooms, but I had not come to town. Bauer, my man, was there (I sent him on first, to have things ready), so he paid him a visit, and seems to have inspected the premises, for Bauer was much displeased; he said he had no business to pry and ask questions about a gentleman like me. But I told him it was only the force of habit."

"I think I will send a line to his address. I should like him to be with us to-morrow. He is an amazingly shrewd fellow, but I have an unpleasant feeling that an opposite party, if there were an opposite party, could generally induce him to see what they wished, by the application of a golden snail to the palm of his hand."

"You think so?" asked Egerton, gravely.

"Yes; I may do him injustice, but that is my impression."

Egerton thought for an instant and then said: "I will leave you to your letters, Standish. I want to write some myself before I go to bed. I will meet them at the Waterloo to-morrow morning. But should anything occur to prevent you, I shall go on alone."

"Oh! I'll be there."

"By the way," resumed Egerton, "as I have Dillon's address, why should I not look him up? I can explain matters and arrange for him to accompany us."

"You might try," said Standish, "but I fancy it is not easy to find him in, nor do I think he likes following the trail in company."

Egerton took the card and put it in his notebook, then nodding good-night to his host, went away with a disappointed air.

Standish, as he paced paper and ink before him on the library table. "Life would be very dull to me with her and Henrietta Oakley. What an improvement a touch of real feeling has been to Henrietta—even physically. She looks uncommonly handsome sometimes," and he applied himself to his letters.

The next morning was wild and gloomy, with bursts of wind and lashes of sudden heavy rain. Egerton did not fail to join Standish at the Waterloo, and they accomplished the journey almost in silence, after the latter had informed him that he had failed to find Dillon.

The porter at the hotel informed him that Dillon had been there that morning, and would probably call the next, but his coming and going were extremely uncertain. Egerton had therefore left a note for him.

When they reached Eastport the well-known common was half hidden by thick sheets of rain sweeping before a wild south easter, while the heavy, leaden colored, threatening waves thundered along the beach.

Neither uttered the thoughts which the sight of the familiar scene brought up in both. Once a sigh as deep as to be almost a moan, broke from Egerton, and he said in a hoarse tone, "What an ending to it all!"

After a short halt at the hotel they drove to the office of the lawyer who had been instructed to act for Colonel Callander, should his offer of a reward produce any result.

Mr. Briggs was a short, dumpy man, with whiskers meeting under his chin, and a round, jovial face. He rolled somewhat in his walk—indeed, gave strangers the impression of being a sea-going solicitor.

He was a little excited in his own esteem by being mixed up with such fellows as Standish and Egerton, and by the sort of halo the whole business had cast around him. He received them cordially.

"Very glad to see you, gentlemen! The man—Tom Ritson—about whom I wrote, has not come yet, but he will be here in a moment. I don't know what he has to tell is of much importance. Step into my private office."

As he threw an inner door open, a sailor of ordinary type presented himself at the entrance of the office.

"Oh, there you are, Ritson! Come along."

They all went in the private room, where Standish at once took a chair. Egerton remained standing, and the lawyer retreated to his usual fortress, the arm-chair behind his knee-hole table.

The sailor, holding his cap in both hands somewhat nervously, but with an air of some importance, kept close to the door.

"Come, Ritson," said the lawyer, "tell these gentlemen your story."

Ritson shifted from one foot to the other. "Well, sir," he began, "this was the way of it. You see, I'm an Eastport man, and I shipped aboard the Macedonia, one of the Commercial Steam Navigation Company's ships, in London Dock, in September last. We put in here for a day and a night, and I had leave to go and see some of my friends as live out Westward way, but I was to be at my post at seven next morning, as we were to sail with the tide."

Egerton muttered a half-articulate exclamation of impatience, and Briggs said, aloud: "Come, get on, my man."

"I must tell you all, from beginning to end," he said, "or I can't do it now."

"Give him his head," murmured Standish, in a low tone.

"So," continued Ritson, "as my aunt's husband was a jovial, hospitable chap, I thought I'd stay there all night, for maybe I'd drink a drop too much, and oversleep myself. We sat talkin' and chatin' till past midnight. Then I says goodbye, and started to walk into Eastport. I had a drop, but only a drop. I knew what I was about. It was dark when I set out, but by and by the moon rose, and by the

time I struck the top of the common there was plenty of light, though every now and then a big cloud would come sailing across the moon. When I got alongside a pretty bit of a house, the first you come to after crossing the sand-hills from Westward, I thought how quiet and comfortable everything looked, and thought there was a faint glimmer of light in one of the lower windows, nigh the near end of the house. While I was looking and thinking, a figure comes out of a gate at the side of the house, carrying a short ladder on his shoulder. He put it down and stood with one arm round it, through the rungs, as if thinking what he'd do next. There was something so quiet and steady in his way that it never struck me he could be after any mischief, though it did seem a bit queer his being there with a ladder that he had come from the Eastport docks, and I must be quarter to two, and that I had best make for the town as fast as I could. When I got a few paces off, I turned and looked back, but not a sign of the man or the ladder could I see. So I got into the old Mermaid Tavern, and to bed. Next morning was called."

"Do you remember the date of this occurrence?" asked Briggs.

"I do, sir. It was the twenty-second of September, and the birthday of my aunt's youngest boy, so we drank an extra glass of grog to his health. Of course I thought no more about it. We had an uncommon rough passage across the bay, and were obliged to put into Gibraltar to refuel. Then we went on to Constantinople, from that to Port Said, and back, and I was left behind in hospital. Altogether I have been over six months out of England, for I came home as third officer of a small sailing ship, and it was a terrible slow job."

"When did you land here?" asked Standish.

"Four days ago, sir. Then I heard of the murder, and the reward, so I came along here to tell what I had seen that night, and you can take it for what it is worth."

"What was the man like—the man you saw with the ladder?" continued Standish.

"A tall, straight kind of chap, about—"

He paused, and gazed hard at Egerton. "About this gentleman's height and build."

Egerton drew himself up to his full stature, and looked straight at the speaker with a stern, set expression, as if nursing himself to face some imminent danger.

"Look well," he said. "Much may depend on the apparent height and size of the figure you saw."

"Yes," returned Ritson, slowly. "He was about your height, but a trifle broader it seems to me now."

"How was he dressed," asked Standish.

"In a longish jacket—something like a sea-man's jacket; but what I noticed most was that he had neither hat nor cap on. Clothes and head and all looked dark. Of course, I could not see very clear—the light was shifty, and there was the garden and strip of common between me and him."

"Did he look like a seafaring man?" asked Briggs.

"Well, sir, he wasn't unlike one. You see, I didn't take time to look much for, as he said before, it didn't strike me as he hadn't a right to be there—he moved deliberately like."

"It sounds rather corroborative of our suspicions," said Standish to Egerton. "You are certainly like that Spanish sailor in height and figure. He would not have worn a cap, and he would not have worn a hat, either. Egerton bent his head in acquiescence, but did not speak."

"I heard tell of that Spanish chap," resumed Ritson, "and I well remember passing a foreign-looking craft a couple of hours after we weighed anchor. She was on much the same tack as we were, but the breeze had faded here and we soon showed her our heels. I read her name as we passed, Velox."

"I'm afraid we can't get much help out of this," said Briggs, as he made a note or two on the paper before him.

"Not at present, but it may come in usefully hereafter," observed Standish. "I should like this good fellow's evidence taken down and duly sworn to, that it may be available in his absence."

"That is quite right, Mr. Standish. I'll see to it."

"Can you remember anything else that might possibly lead to the identification of this man?"

"I don't think I can, sir. I did fancy, when he was turned half towards me that there was something reddish under his jacket, or facing the jacket."

Egerton compressed his lips and made a slight movement, as if going to step towards the speaker, but checked himself and continued profoundly still.

"Ha!" cried Briggs. "I remember those vagabonds generally wore red bands or sashes under their jackets. I think this thickens the case against the Spaniard."

"Yes, it looks like it," said Standish thoughtfully. "All I hope and trust is that the poor girl never caught a glimpse of her murderer—that she never woke. God! it is too terrible to think of!" he added, with sudden deep emotion.

Egerton grasped the back of a huge high-backed chair near him, saying in a low, fierce tone: "And he still lives!" He drew out his purse and put some money in Ritson's hand.

"That's for your trouble," he added. "Standish, there's no more to learn. You will find me at the hotel," and he hastily left the room.

"He's been pretty bad!" said Mr. Briggs, looking after him. "I heard he had fever. He hasn't picked up much since."

"No; the winter is against him," said Standish. After arranging with Briggs to have Ritson's deposition properly taken and attested, he asked him should inform the lawyer what vessel he joined, and her destination, invited Briggs to luncheon, which he was reluctantly obliged to decline, so Standish departed, glad to be free to return to town that evening.

First, however, wrapping himself in his ulster, he faced the rain and storm to walk round the pretty villa, where he had spent such tranquil, happy hours. With a heavy heart he contrasted that picture and this. What weighed most upon his mind was a strong conviction that something sad was yet to come. He feared the effects of the terrible strain on Callander's nervous system. His long, lonely wanderings would increase his natural depression. The best chance for healing his wounds was in the remedy provided by Nature, in the love and care due to his children.

Standish thought with infinite compassion of the bereaved husband. He seemed to realize with extraordinary force what the loss of a sweet, beloved wife must be. It would be almost impossible to bear up under such a trial. After all, an old bachelor's life is almost unavoidably poverty-stricken. Then he wondered vaguely what crooked had turned Callander from the friendly, hearty confidence he had always shown to his wife's guardian, to the silent estrangement of the last few months. On this puzzle he had often meditated, but had as often been obliged to give it up as inexplicable.

When he reached the hotel he found Egerton impatiently awaiting him. He was walking up and down the room, where luncheon was laid, and on the table stood a carafe of brandy, more than half empty. The sight of it reminded Standish that he thought Egerton had drunk an unusual amount of wine the night before.

"We shall scarcely catch the train," said Egerton, as they sat down to a hasty meal, of which he hardly ate anything.

"He was very silent during the hour which

ensued, and scarcely seemed to hear the comments Standish made on Ritson's story, his assertion that there was but one man about the premises. He only remarked abruptly, "No, never thought there was more than one in it, and I fear—I feel sure he will not soon be caught."

The first part of the return journey was passed in nearly complete silence. Then Egerton, who had been looking at a Continental Bradshaw, exclaimed:

"Standish, I will go to Spain and hunt up this Pedro myself."

"Indeed! What has—"

"I have frequently thought of doing it," interrupted Egerton. "The fact is, I have not felt strong enough to undertake the journey hitherto. But I am the right man to look for him; I speak the language; and he is probably lurking in my mother's country. I knew most of the influential families in Valencia when I was there not many years ago. They will not have quite forgotten me. Yes, I think I can get off the day after to-morrow. Too much time has been lost already."

"My dear fellow," cried Standish, "do not be rash. Consult your medical adviser. Even your success will not bring poor Mabel back to life, will not restore the charm of his existence to Callander, nor—"

"Give back the color and savor to mine," interrupted Egerton, impulsively. "I assure you, that in my present mood I see little or no charm in life. If I could bring this—There, I cannot talk about it. You do not dream of the extraordinary mixture of feelings which distract me."

He stopped abruptly, and then went on in a forced tone: "I am not quite an Englishman, you see. I feel more acutely, none of you quite consider me an out-and-out Englishman. See how Dorothy Wynn refused me; she couldn't bear me."

"The whim of a very young girl," urged Standish.

"There is wonderful ripeness and decision about Miss Wynn," he said. She is more like twenty-nine than nineteen. She disliked me when I was in love with her heart. However, she shall never offend me the same way. Yes, I'll go to Spain. It has no associations with the immediate past and I shall go alone."

"You had better go with Dillon. I fancy he is free just now," Egerton made no reply, nor did Standish press the question.

They discussed Egerton's plans till they reached the Metropolis, and Standish remarked how clear and defined they were. They had evidently not been thought out on the spur of the moment. When they spoke of Callander's probable return, Standish fancied he could rescue a glance on his companion's part to meet his friend.

"He shrinks from the pain of seeing him," thought Standish. "It is natural enough, especially as he is evidently weakened and depressed."

At the Waterloo they parted, each going his own way. Standish found various letters, invitations and notes awaiting him, amongst them one from Miss Oakley.

"Do come and see us as soon as you can. We have heard that you went down to Eastport, and are dying to know the reason why. Have you found out anything?"

"Imagine! Miss Callander is to arrive the day after to-morrow. I had a letter from Miss Boothby. The poor old thing seems quite worn out, for my aunt has been very unwell, and you may imagine what that means to her attitude of mind."

If Mr. Egerton is with you, pray bring him. He is more interesting than ever.

"Yours truly,"

"HENRIETTA OAKELEY."

"I hope to Heaven Miss Oakley has not communicated her knowledge or suspicions to Dorothy," said Standish to himself, when he read her letter. "I don't want to be disturbed with any fresh information, she is a pitiable state of nervous depression as it is. I wish Henrietta Oakley would take her and the children abroad, to some place quite unconnected with the past. I must talk to her about this."

Looking at his watch he found it would not be too late to present himself after dinner. He felt somewhat uneasy until he had seen Dorothy, and was certain the first glance at her face would tell him how much she knew.

The ladies had left the dinner table and were in the drawing-room. Collier informed him of the late, but welcome, visitor when he opened the door.

Miss Oakley was at the piano when Standish was shown in, and Dorothy sitting on a low chair by the fire; the dancing light played upon the bed of her hair, and the pale oval of her delicate pensive face, she was more dressed than he had yet seen her, that is, her black dress was opened in a long V, an inner edging of white crepe almost filling up the space, her elbow sleeves showed her slight white arms. Standish was almost frightened to see her so dressed, and she looked at him as he sought now to be looking more like her own bright self. The recuperative powers of youth ought to assert themselves by this time.

At the first syllable of his name, she started up, and ran to meet him.

"How good of you to come at once, Paul! I knew you would."

"Mr. Standish! This is delightful! I am dying to hear what took you away to that wretched place," cried Miss Oakley, coming over to shake hands with him.

"Yes, Paul, tell us everything," echoed Dorothy. "But first for a piece of good news. I had quite a nice letter from the colonel. He will be home in a week or two."

"Ha! that is good, indeed! Now I have a little, a very little to tell you. It leads, well really to nothing, and it is painful—do you still wish to hear?"

"I do," said Dorothy in a stifled voice.

"Yes, of course we do," cried Henrietta, drawing a low easy chair by the fire; Dorothy nestled into the corner of a sofa which was partially in shadow, while Standish placed himself on an ottoman at Miss Oakley's left.

He began by telling them of his return and gave a brief summary of his communication. He could not make out what effect the narrative had upon Dorothy, as her face was almost hidden from him, but when he came to that part of the story where Ritson said the man he had seen with the ladder was about the same height and size as Egerton, she uttered an inarticulate exclamation and leant forward as if startled.

"How extraordinary!" cried Henrietta Oakley. "I call this very important; it proves to me, that the deed must have been done by that dreadful fellow sailor. He certainly was very like Mr. Egerton. It seems such a shame. How dreadfully ill and worn he looks, poor fellow! I feel quite sorry to see him. Do you know, I feel so convinced it was one of those blood-thirsty monsters who committed the murder, that I have told Collier to take that wretched parrot and sell it for what he likes. Do you remember Dorothy, how I exclaimed at the strange likeness to Mr. Egerton? Dorothy, what is the matter. Dorothy? Oh, Mr. Standish, what—"

But Standish was already beside her. Her head had fallen back among the cushions, her face was cold and deathlike, lay helplessly at either side.

"She is gone! She has fainted!" cried Standish, in despairing tones. "For God's sake, call Nurse! I don't know what to do for her!" and he began to chafe her hand gently.

Henrietta rushed first to the wall, which she rang furiously, and then to the door where she called loudly for every servant in the house, till the room was half full.

"Just stand back every one of you, and leave the room this minute," cried Mrs. M'Hugh, authoritatively, "all she wants is air—and quiet."

(To be continued.)

Many are Called.

Oh, I'm engaged to Pete and John, and Abner, and Sam, and East, and Henry, William, George and Don, For I'm a summer girl. —Harper's Bazar.

## Swimming and Boating for Boys.

"I never would allow my boy to learn to swim," said the mother of an only son; "and I never could bear to have him in a boat. Skating I always detested, and ball-playing I consider vulgar. He had a horse for riding, and he was always allowed to walk as much as he chose."

Her hearers understood why it was that her son had grown up to be a narrow-chested and delicate man, and were thankful that he was permitted to go out doors at all in his boyhood.

Fortunately this young man had possessed a strong love for walking, and also for study, which had kept him from inanition, and also from the temptation of the street. He was a boy not decidedly studious, such a bringing-up as has been described would have meant either ruin or death.

There is no need to descant upon the manifold attractions and uses of swimming. All proper education should include the study of it, and your boy should learn to swim. Never let him go into the water unless he is well; neither let him go alone or with flighty boys only, even when he has mastered the art of natation—cramps and accidents of all sorts are too common for that. Keep him away from rapids and whirlpools, and impress upon him at every opportunity, by anecdote, precept, and example, the necessity of exercising prudence in the matter. Especially see that he is familiar with remedies for cramp, and with the modes of reviving the drowned. Many a valuable life has been lost because a boy's companions did not understand how to use proper restoratives when his body was first recovered from the water.

Teach your boy the importance of staying in the water but a few moments at a time, and of being very active during those moments. It is better to go in several times each day, staying only ten or fifteen minutes each time, than to go in once for an hour. Boys do stay in for two hours together, and live through it without apparent harm, but it is at a deadly risk.

Twenty minutes in fresh water and half an hour in salt water are safe limits.

When your boy knows how to swim in deep water, and not until then, allow him to go out alone in a boat. When he has mastered the simple rules for rowing, paddling, and sculling, by all means have him learn the management of a sail boat, under some capable and expert skipper, unless his father or some near relative is able and willing to instruct him.

At five o'clock one morning on a well-known beach, a heedless and undisciplined youth, who had been allowed to have a yacht before he was sixteen, returned, and instead of clinging to it, as all boys should be taught to do when overturned, he drifted about in the water, sinking twice before aid could reach him. The people in the twenty or thirty cottages which were clustered thickly upon the beach were aroused from their sleep, and looking from their windows, most of them could see this foolish and headstrong young fellow, whose lavish spending and loud boasts had made him a conspicuous figure among them, and their knowledge of his stupidity naturally made them fearful that he would be drowned before aid could reach him. Although he did not appear to be more than a few boat-lengths from the shore, it seemed a lifetime to the compassionate lookers-on before a lobster-man, who by chance was near at hand on the rocks, could push his boat off and reach the hapless young fellow.

Most of those who witnessed the thrilling spectacle of his rescue when he had risen for the last time were unable to recover from the strain for weeks. All of them were taught one impressive lesson. It was never to allow anyone under their control to have a boat until he had learned to swim.

In the outdoor sports of old England lies one secret of the sturdy strength, the wholesome appetite, and the sound digestion of that nation. Introspection, morbid self-brooding, even established disease flee away before the rigors of good open-air exercise; and nothing in this line is so salutary and delightful as swimming and its twin brother boating. Don't be "mean" to the boys; let them learn both.—Harper's Bazar.

## Spelling a Natural Gift.

Don't despise the man who spells words without the silent letters. Many of the most well educated people cannot spell correctly. A young Harvard instructor was once heard to say, "I really never dare correct a student's misspelling till I have looked in the dictionary."

Just as I, answered a clever woman, quickly, "never use feeling to spell it, I feel it to be the lady was under the impression that the word should be spelled 'feable.' A fish dealer tells of receiving an order for salt 'mackerel' from a college professor. A bill made out by one of the leading pedagogues of a neighboring city concluded with 'bellance due. Those who know, will tell that the terms of a distinguished clergyman sent up for printing, frequently abound in errors of this kind. Cobett, in his grammar, loved to give instances of bad spelling and ungrammatical language in his speeches. The father of his country had his own system of spelling, and his wife had another and very different one. A brilliant actress, whom we all admire, invariably spells Tuesday Tuesday. Napoleon was not a correct speller, and the Iron Duke slipped often. The misfortune is often an inherited one, and whole families, even unto the most modest, bring down the family name with them. The same weakness, 'What?' says Major Pendennis, 'would you marry a woman who spelt affection with one f?' Why not a woman as well as a man? If correct spelling were necessary to the marriage state, how many of our presidents would be doomed to celibacy? General Taylor and Andrew Johnson would scarcely have read their title clear to husbandhood.

## A Reason for the Brunette.

The dark colors of the Southern beauty are explained by savants as due to carbon not thrown off by the lungs, says the Philadelphia Press. These are less active in hot climates, and the respiratory function is less complete. The pulmonary action is replaced by cutaneous transpiration, and the carbon, instead of being thrown off with the expired air, is deposited in a layer of the skin, which, in greater or less degree, gives it shading.

The chyle of herbivorous animals is said to contain the times as much carbon as that of flesh-eating ones, and the vegetable diet which chiefly supports life in the tropics is the supposed cause of the deep pigmentation ruling there. The difference in complexion and coloring of various races is probably due to certain principles in their food which introduced into the body, by contact with atmospheric air, produces divers colorings, just as light is known to decompose certain vegetable products, and darken some salts. The peculiar tints of the Indies and the Antilles are said to be due to the saffron, roucou, cayenne, and other savories used in food, which are dyes as well, and partly to the bilious maladies prevalent there. The opaque cornea of the eye is yellowish in tropic races and their fat the color of wax, showing its affinity to the bile. The color of eyes and hair follows that of the skin naturally, the same being the great colorist in these cases. Eyes grow darker with healthy exercise, as well as more brilliant. The most beautiful races are always to be found in the finest climates. The Circassians live on the table-lands of the Caucasus, a climate southern

as Romeor Constantinople, but refreshed by the snows of the Caucasus and the vicinity of the Caspian and Black seas. They formerly conserved their beauty to a great age. Two thousand years ago the climate of Greece was as perfect as the beauty it gave the world for models. To-day in some of the highlands of Greece the old charm of climate remains, and the antique beauty of face and form looks forth and makes natural the old Greek salutation "Ereioke." The favored climates of the world are always the homes of its chief beauty. But one can modify ordinary climates to a far greater degree than is supposed, and in our own houses, at least, maintain the tempered warmth or coolness, the living freshness of air, the moisture and fragrance of growing plants, and the light which should render our homes milder Floridas and Californias. We shall yet learn the secret of making our own dwellings fit climates for invalids, who need not be driven to die in strange regions, for the sake of purer air. Then there will be fewer invalids and more beautiful women.

## A Chinese Marchioness.

The late Marquis Teheng was a Chinese *fin de siècle*, who had shaken off all antiquated prejudices, and endeavored to unite the east and the west. Like our Westerners, and giving a little puffing, received interviewers, and his likenesses to the illustrated papers. He was a consummate Parisian, attended first performances at the theaters, and drove in the Bois in a splendid turn-out. With exquisite taste he gave parties, at which Chinese diplomats danced waltzes with the Parisiennes. But he reached the climax of popularity when breaking with the ancient traditions of Celestial etiquette, he exhibited his wife in public.

On such occasions the marchioness would sit near the window in one of her drawing-rooms, adorned with the hierarchal trappings of an idol, attired in brilliant silks on which the imperial dragon was worked in heavy embroidery. Her eyes were half closed, she answered the compliments of her guests by a slight motion of her fingers, the ladies of the diplomatic corps sat by her, and no sight could be more charming than the contrast of their fresh and airy habiliments to the almost priestly robes of this exotic ambassadress. One evening the Papal Nuncio came to pay his respects to the marchioness. She was surprised at his going away again, and asked one of her neighbors in English:

"Why doesn't the old lady come and sit beside me like the rest?"

## Possibly Mud.

"Papa," said a talkative little girl, "am I made of dust?" "No, my child. If you were, you would dry up once in a while."

You can get your eyes tested on scientific principles free of charge at Brown's Jewelry store, 110 Yonge street, by going between 10 o'clock a.m. and 1 o'clock p.m. every day.

## TORONTO MUSICAL INSTRUMENT CO.

AGENTS AND DEALERS IN

Pianos, Organs, Musical Instruments



**MR. E. W. SCHUCH**  
Conductor of the Redemptor, Conductor University Glee Club, has resumed instruction in  
**Voice Culture and Expression in Singing**  
At his residence,  
3 Avenue Street (College Avenue).

**HARMONY BY CORRESPONDENCE**  
Mr. T. H. SINGLETON, Fort Hope, Ont., will give lessons in harmony as above and prepare candidates for examinations in Music at Trinity College and the Toronto Conservatory of Music. All Mr. Singleton's pupils who have taken the Trinity examinations have been successful. Reference—Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Miss Han, and A.C.O. (Eng.), Toronto.

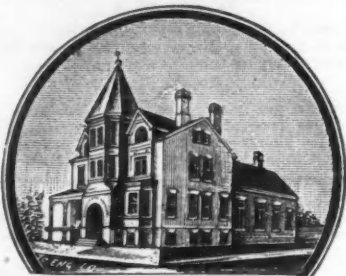
**MR. J. W. F. HARRISON**  
Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.  
**Organ, Piano and Harmony**  
34 Gloucester Street

**WALTER DONVILLE**  
Teacher of Violin  
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.

**A. S. VOGT** (LATE OF THE ROYAL CONSERVATORY, LEIPZIG)  
Organist and Choirmaster of St. Basil's Church, Toronto, teacher of  
**Piano, Organ and Musical Theory**  
at the Toronto College of Music  
Residence 349 Jarvis Street

**SIGNOR ED. RUBINI**  
Pianoforte pupil of Moschies and Thalberg, late principal professor of singing at the London Academy, London, Eng. is now a resident of Toronto, and gives lessons in singing to ladies and gentlemen, amateur and professional students, and specially prepares pupils for all branches of the musical profession—operatic, concert and oratorio. Voice production is one of Signor Rubini's specialties. Terms moderate. Circulars on application at residence, No. 7 Metcalfe Street, or to Messrs. Northcote & Messrs. Suckling & Sons.

**MISS ALICE WALTZ**  
Late Solo Soprano, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and St. John's R. C. Church, Philadelphia.  
**CONCERT, ORATORIO AND RECITAL**  
Pupils received in Voice Culture  
417 Church Street



**TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, Ltd.**  
In affiliation with Toronto University, reopens Sept. 4.  
F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.

**CANADIAN COLLEGE OF COMMERCE**  
Incorporating Canadian Business University, Bengough's Shorthand Institute, Warriner's Courses of Higher Commercial Training  
Established 1880. } PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING, TORONTO.  
Telephone 1555. }  
Pioneer shorthand school. 800 graduates in good positions. Most modern and practical commercial course. New Calendar in preparation—sent free to any address.  
**SPECIAL SUMMER SESSION**  
During July. Shorthand and business courses separately or combined. Send for circular.  
THOS. BENGOUGH } Bengough & Warriner  
W. A. WARRINER }

**BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL**  
FOR  
**YOUNG LADIES.** School Re-opens on  
**WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3, 1890**

**MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY**  
Architectural Sculptor  
IN STONE AND WOOD  
80 Yonge Street Arcade

**H. WILLIAMS & CO.**  
**SLATE AND GRAVEL ROOFERS**  
4 Adelaide Street East  
Manufacturers and dealers in Roofing Materials, Building Papers, Carpet Felt, &c. Also lay Trinidad Asphalt on Stable Floors, Cellar Bottoms, &c.



**TRULY CALLED THE GREATEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD**  
Absolutely Guaranteed to Cure  
The public invited to investigate personally. Pamphlets, Testimonials and advice free. Call or address Wm. E. Adams Microbe Killer Co., Limited, 120 King Street West, Toronto, Ont., sole owners and manufacturers for the Dominion. Beware of imitations. See our Trade Mark.

**Easy and Other Chairs**

Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites,  
Parlor, Office, Study and  
Other Furniture

These goods are manufactured by me, and are adapted to the requirements of home and place of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty, both in design, quality of material and richness of color.

**WELLINGTON STOTT**  
170 King Street West - - Toronto

**LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY**  
Examinations, Oral or Written.  
MISS NEWBORN, 226 McCaul Street.

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES,**  
Warts, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by electrolysis.  
DR. FOSTER, Electrologist, 123 Church St.

**GRAND NATIONAL**  
Hack and Coupe  
Stables, 105 Mutual St.  
Handsome turn out  
with careful drivers  
any time day or night.  
Telephone 2104  
Arthur M. Bowman  
Proprietor



**J. W. L. FORSTER**  
Portraits a Specialty **ARTIST**  
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST

**HAMILTON MACCARTHY, R.C.A.,**  
SCULPTOR. Artist of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments. Ladies' and Children's Portraits. Studio 12 Lombard Street, Toronto.

**J. FRASER BRYCE**  
**PHOTOGRAPHER**

107 King St. West - TORONTO

**F. W. MICKLETHWAITE**  
**PHOTOGRAPHER**  
Cor. Jarvis and King Streets - - Toronto  
SPECIALTIES—Outdoor Views, Crayon Portraits.  
"THE BEST"

**SUNBEAMS**  
ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer  
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West  
Photographs of all sizes  
Sunbeams \$1 per doz.

**JOHN P. MILL**  
445 Yonge Street  
HIGH GRADE WATCHES A SPECIALTY

**THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT**  
6 and 8 Jordan Street  
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALFEE cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1060. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

**THE LEADER SAMPLE ROOM**  
THE CHEAPEST LIVER OF  
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS  
First-Class Restaurant in Connection  
E. SULLIVAN, Proprietor

**M. MCCONNELL**  
Late of "Headquarters"  
Wholesale Dealer in Wines, Liquors  
and Cigars  
COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO.

**FOR OYSTERS** SERVED IN TRUE VIRGINIA STYLE  
CALL AT  
**JAKE'S VIRGINIA RESTAURANT**  
DOORS NEVER CLOSED  
Grand Opera House Building. Tel. 2080

**CAMPERS**  
WINES AND LIQUORS. Special attention given to supplying parties. Goods carefully packed and delivered to Railway or Express Company.  
**GEO. W. COOLEY**  
567 Yonge Street Telephone 3 89

**SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY**  
Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sections. Also Continuous Gum Bait. All operations known in modern dentistry practiced.  
**CHAS. P. LENNOX**  
Yonge Street Arcade - - Room B  
Telephone 1846

**TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE**  
Best teeth on Rubber, \$2.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476  
**C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge**

**C. V. SNELGROVE**  
Dental Surgeon, 97 Carlton St., Toronto  
New Process—Porcelain Fillings and Porcelain Crowns a specialty.  
Telephone 3831

**PATTERSON & FENTON**  
Dentists  
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE DOWN TOWN OFFICE  
169 COLLEGE ST. 141 YONGE ST.

**DR. McLAUGHLIN**  
DENTIST  
Corner College and Yonge Streets  
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

**Niagara River Line**  
In connection with Vanderbilt system of railways. The short and picturesque summer route to  
Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston, &c.  
PALACE STEAM STEAMERS

**Cibola and Chicora**  
Leave Yonge St. Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4 45 p.m.  
Tickets at all principal offices and on boats.  
JOHN FOY, Manager.

**Niagara Falls Line**  
STEAMER  
**Empress of India**  
Leaves Geddes' Wharf, foot of Yonge Street, daily at 7.30 a.m. and 3.40 p.m. for Port Dalhousie, making close connection for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, and all points east.  
Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3.40 p.m., Port Dalhousie and return, 5.00.  
Solid train. Quick time. Tickets at all G.T.R. and Empress of India agents and on wharf.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY**  
The Old and Popular Rail Route to  
**MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO**  
And all Principal Points in  
**CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES**  
It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.  
For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information, apply at the city ticket office.  
P. J. SLATTERY, City Passenger Agent,  
Corner King and Yonge streets and 30 York Street, Toronto.  
Telephone Nos. 434 and 435.

**Steamship, Rail and Boat Agency**  
NIAGARA RIVER LINE  
**Chicora and Cibola**  
Lovely summer route to  
Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and all American Points  
Special attention given to Church and Society excursions.  
Ocean steamship tickets sold to England and the Continent. For full particulars and tickets apply to  
**ROBINSON & HEATH**  
Custom House Brokers, 66 1/2 Yonge St.

**NEW MUSIC**  
All the Latest  
By Chas. Bohner.....50  
Kathie (military) Schottische.....35  
Sounds of Toronto Waltzes.....35  
By Chas. Bohner.....60  
Song—Memory.....50  
By H. Tourjee.....50  
Hauts Voice Eye.....40  
By Bohner.....40  
On Time Jersey.....40  
By Bohner.....40  
Avant Garde March.....35  
By Gowan.....35  
Everything in the Musical line, up to the times, and at right prices.  
**WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.**  
MUSIC DEALERS  
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

**55 CENTS**  
The small purchase amounting to 55c—fifty-five cents, for which a numbered receipt or voucher is given, may win the prize of the watch worth one thousand dollars—\$1000. Americans as well as Canadians will please note the fact. This said watch is the finest in America as a mechanical work of art. Send for circulars.

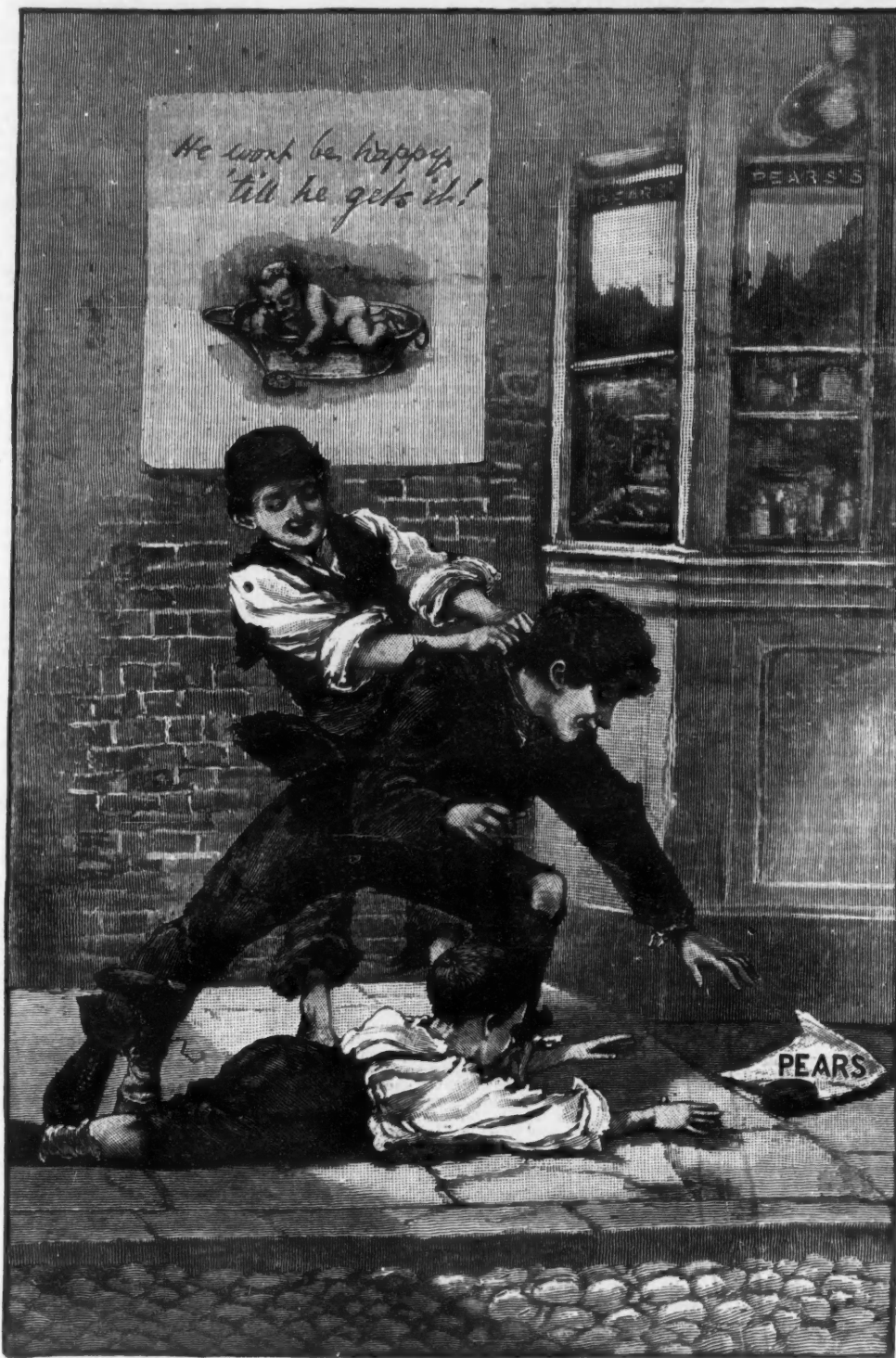
**RUSSELL'S**  
9 King Street West, Toronto

**McCAUSLAND & SON'S**  
**WALL PAPER**  
IMPORTATIONS  
ARE UNEQUALLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN. ALL GRADES AND PRICES  
76 KING STREET WEST  
TORONTO

**Carpets Cleaned**  
On the floor or taken up and cleaned—any way to please you  
Our patrons appreciate our efforts to please them, because we try to be as prompt as possible with our work. Telephone to 3751, or send a card to

**The Toronto Carpet Renovating Co.**  
509 1-2 Yonge Street

**THE GOLDEN HORSE**  
**Lugsdin & Barnett**  
SADDLERS  
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF  
Trunks, Valises, Bags, Riding Saddles  
ALSO COMPLETE LINES IN  
Riding Whips and Crops, Horse Boots, Horse Sheets, Coolers, Waterproof Goods, and Every Description of Horse Gear.  
Specialties in Sole Leather and Military Work  
**Lugsdin & Barnett**  
115 YONGE STREET  
MISS PLUMMER  
MODISTE  
57 GLOUCESTER STREET



treasure above.

**LOST**

All tenderness and wisdom of the feet since we have been buying our

**BOOTS AND SHOES**  
From that old reliable house of

**H. & C. BLACHFORD**  
AMERICAN GOODS A SPECIALTY

87 and 89 King St. East, Toronto

Don't  
Spoil Your Feet  
with  
Cheap Shoes

IS THE ADVICE OF  
**WM. PICKLES, 328 Yonge St.**

**Children's Tan Shoes**  
SPRING HEELS  
AND  
**Summer Shoes**  
FOR EVERYBODY  
Black and Colored Kid

**WM. WEST & CO., 246 Yonge Street**



**The Home Savings & Loan Co. Ltd.**  
OFFICE: 18 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO  
\$500,000 to loan on Mortgage—small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged.  
HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

**DRESSMAKING PARLORS**  
Conducted by MISS PATON  
Artistic and careful study is devoted to Evening Dresses and Bridal Trousseaux, also Traveling and Walking Costumes. Boating, Tennis and Holiday Suits, also Riding Habits, a specialty. Possessing favorable facilities for the prompt and speedy attention to Mourning orders, we have no doubt confidence of securing entire satisfaction.  
ROSE—E. WALKER & SONS

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**  
THROUGH SLEEPERS FROM  
TORONTO  
TO  
PORTLAND  
OLD ORCHARD  
On the Maine Coast, and to all  
WHITE MOUNTAIN POINTS  
EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY  
Returning leave Old Orchard every Thursday and Monday, running through to Toronto during the summer season.  
For rates and full information apply to 115 King Street West, 54 Yonge Street, 54 York Street.

**LOOK**  
FOR THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK  
Something of special interest to those who appreciate  
**ART - IN - DRESS**  
**TAYLOR & CO.**  
Art Tailors - - 89 Yonge St.  
438 YONGE ST.  
OPP. CARLTON STREET.  
**MISS HOLLAND**  
Would intimate to her customers and ladies generally that she has now a very large and choice stock of  
**French Patterns in Millinery**  
Together with novelties in  
**Flowers, Ribbons, &c.**  
Of which she would solicit inspection. Also very handsome Ja-kets and Small Dolmans.  
Dressmaking Department under first-class management and most satisfactory results.

**SPECTACLES**  
Accurately fitted. First quality lenses. Opera and Field Glasses, Thermometers, &c.  
**J. FOSTER, 15 King Street West**

**PEAR'S**

**PEAR'S**

**PEAR'S**

**PEAR'S**

**PEAR'S**

**PEAR'S**

**PEAR'S**

**PEAR'S**

**PEAR'S**

**PEAR'S**

**PEAR'S**



## Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

at Newport and Old Orchard. They return via Quebec and the Thousand Islands.

The Misses Quinn of Sussex avenue are spending the summer on the St. Clair river.

A pleasing incident took place at the rooms of the Rosedale Cricket Club, on the lacrosse grounds, Monday evening last, when a deservedly popular member of the club, Mr. Geo. Seymour Lyon, was presented with a beautifully designed cup by the secretary, Mr. H. F. Petman, on behalf of the members in recognition of his excellent batting in the late international cricket match at Philadelphia. A large number were present and a very enjoyable time was spent.

A wedding ceremony of considerable note took place at St. John's church, Port Hope, on Wednesday. The event was the marriage of Mr. Joseph Featherstonhaugh of Toronto, and Miss Alice May Guernsey, second daughter of Major Guernsey of Englishman, late of Her Majesty's 45th Regiment, Sherwood Foresters. The church was crowded at the early hour of 8:30 a.m. The rector of St. John's, Rev. E. Daniel, performed the ceremony. The bride was attended by Miss Sophie Guernsey, her sister, and Miss Minnie Featherstonhaugh, sister of the groom, while the groom was supported by Messrs. P. D. Eynecourt of Toronto and F. W. Guernsey of St. Mary's, brother of the bride. The bride was married in her traveling costume of electric blue henrietta cloth trimmed with plush of the same color and butterfly cord, with hat to match. The first bridesmaid's costume was of blue figured china silk; the second bridesmaid's being made of cream cashmere trimmed with pale butterfly. The happy couple left by the Norseman at noon for Rochester.

The following Torontonians registered at the Penetanguishene this week: Mr. and Mrs. Edin Howard, Mr. A. M. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Mrs. and Miss Cumberland, Mrs. and Miss Wyatt, Mr. John A. Torrance, Mrs. and Miss T. Torrance, Major H. A. and Mrs. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Wilson, Mr. G. J. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. John McArthur and family, Mr. Frederick Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hamilton and family, Mr. W. A. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ford and family.

The following guests are at Peninsula Park on Lake Simcoe: Mr. G. A. Chapman and family, Mr. R. V. Corrigan, Capt. Percy Beall, Miss Annie Hulv, Mr. Alfred Chapman and family, Mr. W. L. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wilson, Mr. A. H. Cassels, Mr. G. Ince, Mr. E. W. Trent, Mr. John Bain, Q. C., and family, Mr. H. Klingmill, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Gorrie and family, Miss Wilcock, Mr. D. Campbell, Mr. Fred Phillips, Mr. James Crawford of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. E. H. Webster of Buffalo, Mr. W. H. Phillips of St. Catharines, and Mr. Notman Benjamin of Elmira, N. Y.

## Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

One of the most delightful concerts of the season was held at the Chautauqua amphitheater last Saturday evening. The principal performers were: Mr. Anderson, a very talented young violinist, whose playing was thoroughly enjoyed and a genuine treat to all lovers of music present and who was most warmly endorsed, giving in response the sweet old favorite air, "The Last Rose of Summer"; Mr. Ramsay, the imitator; Mrs. Murray-Dickson and Miss McGillivray, all of whom richly deserved the very hearty applause with which they were received. Miss McGillivray, who looked very bewitching in a most becoming dress of cherry-colored gauze over satin of the same shade, with a dainty little pair of French slippers to match, those of her companions, Miss McGillivray, all of whom richly deserved the very hearty applause with which they were received. Miss McGillivray, who looked very bewitching in a most becoming dress of cherry-colored gauze over satin of the same shade, with a dainty little pair of French slippers to match, those of her companions, Miss McGillivray, all of whom richly deserved the very hearty applause with which they were received. Miss McGillivray, who looked very bewitching in a most becoming dress of cherry-colored gauze over satin of the same shade, with a dainty little pair of French slippers to match, those of her companions, Miss McGillivray, all of whom richly deserved the very hearty applause with which they were received.

No hop, held so far this season, has been so well attended, or proved so enjoyable as that of last Saturday. The dresses were remarkably pretty, and to the inexpressible relief of many present, the young Torontonians who have so frequently appeared in a nondescript costume of no particular color or style, arrived in a dress suit, greatly to the improvement of his personal appearance and equally to the satisfaction of his partners and those to whom his other varied suits were an unending subject of remark. Among the large number present were Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter, the Misses Colquhoun, Miss C. Arnold, Miss Bertha Pafford, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Griffith of Fort Erie, Miss Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Macrae, Mrs. and Miss Elliott, Miss Hayes, Miss Burnett, Mr. Frank Brown of Buffalo, Miss McKean of Hamilton, Capt. Milloy, Miss Milloy, Miss Cameron, Mr. C. Milloy, Miss Strath, Miss B. Strath, Mr. Wilmot Strath, Mr. H. Hunter, Mr. Howe, Mr. Ferrers Knyvet, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Mossman Boyd, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. McMan, Mr. Downey, Mr. T. Thompson, Miss Alma, Miss Campbell, Miss Evans, Mr. Arthur Small.

No hop, held so far this season, has been so well attended, or proved so enjoyable as that of last Saturday. The dresses were remarkably pretty, and to the inexpressible relief of many present, the young Torontonians who have so frequently appeared in a nondescript costume of no particular color or style, arrived in a dress suit, greatly to the improvement of his personal appearance and equally to the satisfaction of his partners and those to whom his other varied suits were an unending subject of remark. Among the large number present were Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter, the Misses Colquhoun, Miss C. Arnold, Miss Bertha Pafford, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Griffith of Fort Erie, Miss Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Macrae, Mrs. and Miss Elliott, Miss Hayes, Miss Burnett, Mr. Frank Brown of Buffalo, Miss McKean of Hamilton, Capt. Milloy, Miss Milloy, Miss Cameron, Mr. C. Milloy, Miss Strath, Miss B. Strath, Mr. Wilmot Strath, Mr. H. Hunter, Mr. Howe, Mr. Ferrers Knyvet, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Mossman Boyd, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. McMan, Mr. Downey, Mr. T. Thompson, Miss Alma, Miss Campbell, Miss Evans, Mr. Arthur Small.

at her pretty little vine covered cottage near St. Mark's church.

Mrs. Anson Campbell returned to her home in Montreal last Saturday after a stay of three weeks in the old town.

Mr. and Mrs. Pedro Alma of Toronto have arrived for a visit of a few weeks and are stopping at Doyle's Hotel.

Judge Morson spent a few hours in town last Saturday. A little one whose sweet childish beauty entitled her to a conspicuous place in the list of pretty children given in last week's issue, is Gladys, the dark-eyed, beautiful little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. McNair of Cheraw, North Carolina, who are spending the summer in town. Unless the years alter strangely the sweet, thoughtful little face, with its large dark eyes and soft curves, she will assuredly shine some day among the reigning beauties of her time.

Mr. Arthur Pafford, who had been spending his holidays in town, returned to Toronto last Monday.

Mrs. McKee, who has been the guest of Mrs. John Lewis during the past month or two, returned to her home in St. Louis last week, greatly to the regret of the many friends she has made during her visit here.

The death of Rev. Father Shanahan, for some years priest of St. Paul's church, robbed the church of one of her most earnest and zealous workers. The news of his death has caused the most sincere and deep grief among his many friends here, not only among those of his own flock, but among many of other denominations, by whom he was held in very high esteem.

Miss M. Hewgill, who has for some time been visiting her sister, Mrs. Fabian, in Toronto, returned home last week. Her numerous friends extend to her a very warm welcome after her lengthy absence from them.

Mrs. Fred Greydon Deloraine, Man., spent a few days in town this week, the guest of Miss Ada Blake.

As announced by the Ven. Archdeacon McMurray from the pulpit of St. Mark's, the eloquent Professor Clarke of Toronto will preach at morning and evening services in that church to-morrow.

## OTTAWA.

The "summer resort" season is now in full blast and all who can manage it have lived themselves to where the cooling breezes blow. Around Ottawa there are any number of pleasant rural resorts, at present populated by the families of town residents. Britannia-by-the-Lake, a charming retreat within fifteen minutes of the city, takes the lead. Then there are Aylmer, Caledonia Springs, Jones' Falls, Chabot's Island, Eastman's Springs, and camping grounds without number.

For those who are forced to reside and perspire in the city, the weekly open air concert of the Guards' band on Parliament Hill is a delightful relaxation. On such nights the spacious paths, the close-shaven lawns and breezy terrace are thronged with promenaders enjoying alike the evening's coolness and the strains of some dreamy value. The grounds also afford the owners of private carriages an opportunity of driving about during the intervals of the programme and of taking up advantageous positions to listen to the music. The scene is both picturesque and animated and on a moonlight night presents a *coup d'oeil*, not to be rivaled in any Canadian city. So far the concerts have been maintained at the expense of the officers and a few private citizens, but I perceive the city council has made the band a grant of \$200.

Mr. William Howe gave a delightful At Home at Britannia a few evenings since at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from the city were present. Some three hundred guests attended and enjoyed themselves hugely. Adjoining the host's residence was erected a platform on a level with the spacious veranda surrounding the house and this was beautifully decorated with evergreens and Chinese lanterns. Here dancing took place, the music being furnished by the Guards' string band. Among the guests were about fifty ladies and gentlemen from Aylmer who came over in a yacht and the crew of Her Majesty's ship M. A. C., in full naval uniform, were also visible, looking very smart. Refreshments were supplied *ad lib.* and during the evening a magnificent pyrotechnic display took place. The affair on the whole was most unique and will be reckoned as the entertainment par excellence of the season.

Mr. W. J. Topley returned home on Monday evening after a pleasant trip to Pittsburg, whither Mrs. Topley accompanied him. They were three weeks in the Smoky City, guests of the Hunters' Club, to which Mr. Topley belongs. This club consists of ten members and takes its name each year from the member who killed the first head of large game the season preceding. The club this year will hunt in the Muskoka district. Mrs. Topley did not return to Ottawa, but is visiting friends in Toronto.

At a special meeting of the Ministering Children's League, at which were present Mrs. Walker Powell, Mrs. George Taylor, Mrs. Glenow, Mrs. Cowper Cox, Miss Bledsoe, Russell, Dr. Wicksteed, Mr. W. A. Allan and others, a resolution was adopted committing the League to the scheme of raising \$3,000 by a mortgage, for the purpose of building a wing to the present Convalescent Home, to be used as a Children's Hospital.

A new departure in weddings took place on Tuesday evening at a camping ground a few miles from the city. The parties chiefly interested were Mr. D. Hunter and Miss Minnie Browne, residents of Ottawa and the children of well-known merchants. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George Taylor, at a special tent pitched for the occasion. Miss Daisy Browne acted as bridesmaid and Mr. J. King as best man. A number of guests were present, and the affair passed off as smoothly as if in a stately cathedral instead of the wild woods of Woodruff.

Among the departures for cooler climes this week are Miss Powell for Aylmer, Miss Merich for Kingston, Miss Meager for Hamilton, Miss L. Wilson for Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Skinner for Little Metis, Mr. John Hodgins for the seaside, Miss Florence Friedrichs for Nova Scotia, Mr. and Mrs. Muriel Allan for a short tour in the States, Mrs. F. Wright and family of Slater street for Britannia, Miss A. McDonald for Old Orchard, Miss Maybee for Gananoque and the West, Rev. Joseph White for Newfoundland, Mr. John Carling, Jr., for England, Mr. E. Seybold for the Saguenay, and Mr. George Orme for Scotland.

The following have returned to the city: Hon. John Costigan from New Brunswick, Mr. C. H. Macintosh, M.P., from Riviere du Loup, Mr. Burn, cashier of the Ottawa Bank, from Port Huron; Rev. Dr. Armstrong of St. Paul's church, from a holiday trip; Mr. Archie Stewart from England; Messrs. D. Blyth, J. H. Neeve, J. G. Buchanan, W. Russell, and T. A. Russell from Old Orchard Beach, Dr. John Robertson also from Old Orchard, Dr. Thorburn from the White Mountains and Mr. Justice Patterson and family from the lakes and Montreal.

Miss Bertha Wright, the famous lady evangelist, left this week for Northfield, Mass. where she will attend a convention called by Mr. Moody.

Col. Freeman J. Daniels, Staff Lieutenant-General of the Patriarchs Militant L.O.O.F., has gone to Chicago to attend the triennial cantonment.

Col. George Ince of the customs department has departed on a tour of the Maritime Provinces.

Mr. and Mrs. Alder D. Bliss left on Tuesday to rusticate for a few weeks at Blanche, on Butter's Lake.

Mr. Peter Buchanan of the Indian department, who has been absent over twelve months on sick leave, has returned much improved in health and intends soon to resume duty.

Mr. Joseph Walton of Middleboro-Tees and Mr. Henry Fawcus of Newcastle-on-Tyne made a brief stay in the city this week while

on their way to the Rocky Mountains on a shooting expedition.

Mrs. G. K. Shoenburger of Cincinnati is visiting her brother-in-law, Hon. Wm. McDougall.

Mrs. J. H. Pocock, St. Louis, is in town on a visit and staying at Mrs. Cope's, Maria street.

Miss Doyle of Hawkesbury is visiting her relatives at the Capital.

Miss Lizzie Reed and Miss Hattie Reed of Hamilton are in the city, the guests of Miss Celia Bradley of O'Connor street.

Miss Alma Jessup of Rideau street is spending a few days at Freese's, with her uncle Mr. Edward Jessup, collector of customs there.

Rev. Mr. Hannington and family are spending their vacation at Green's Creek.

Mr. Lawson Willis has returned to the city after a seven months' stay in England where he has been booming the Buckingham phosphate mines.

Mr. Tennent, librarian of the Supreme Court, has purchased a small farm near Templeton and will devote all his spare time to raising high-priced vegetables.

Mr. Chamberlain, general manager of the Canada Atlantic Railway Company, is indisposed.

## BARRIE.

An exceedingly pleasant At Home was given by Lieut. Colonel O'Brien and the officers of the 35th Battalion (Simcoe Foresters) on Wednesday, July 30, at The Woods, Shanty Bay, the residence of Colonel O'Brien. A large number of invitations were sent out, and a great many availed themselves of the pleasure of attending. The weather was not quite what one could have wished, being showery during the day, consequently the grounds were rather damp for promenading. Also a number from a distance were prevented from coming owing to the inclemency of the weather. Notwithstanding this it was considered a delightful event. The band of the 35th Battalion played several selections in their usual excellent style. Another musical treat was enjoyed in the drawing-room by those who preferred spending the time indoors instead of on the lawn. A few good games of tennis were played during the afternoon. Among those present I noticed Senator and Mrs. Gowan, Mr. and Mrs. John Strath, Major and Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Grasett of Toronto, Rev. F. J. and Mrs. White, Mr. Jude Ardagh, Captain and Mrs. Bird, Lieut. and Miss Kortright, Miss Major, Major and Mrs. Ward, Dr. Raikes of Midland, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanblidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Schieffelin, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto,



## Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

delightful trip, as the weather was charming. A few went by train, then both parties met in Orillia and had an exceedingly pleasant time, and it will be ages indeed before the members of this club can forget the kindness and hospitality of their friends in Orillia, who were indefatigable in their efforts to make the few hours enjoyable that were allotted to the visiting club to be spent in their town. Instead of going into details I will just give the result of the match, viz.: Barrie was successful in seventeen sets to two gained by Orillia. The last game and the remaining singles will be played off on the day of the return match. Those from Barrie who took part in the tournament were Miss Kortright, Miss Spry, Miss Stewart, Miss N. Baker, Mr. W. A. Boys, Mr. C. Stewart, Mr. H. Ardagh, Mr. D. Stewart.

Mrs. W. King of Montreal and child are spending a few weeks in town. Her old friends are pleased to see her again.

Mrs. L. Beatty left this week to visit friends in Cobourg.

Miss Miller and Mr. E. Ager of Toronto are the guests of Mrs. D. Holmes.

Mr. G. Morgan of Toronto is spending a few weeks with a camping party at Big Bay Point.

## BELLEVILLE.

Mr. Robert and Miss Mathison have returned from their trip to the Pacific coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Neilson of Kansas City are visiting Mrs. Neilson of John street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Northrop and Mrs. George are at the Thousand Islands.

Mr. Belfield Grannum of the Bank of Commerce has resigned his position and intends leaving for Edinburgh, Scotland, this month.

Mr. Ferris of the Bank of Commerce has gone on a relieving trip to Stratford.

Rev. S. Daw, rector of Christ Church, Mr. J. H. Simpson and sons intend leaving next week for a canoeing trip on the lakes in North Hastings.

Mr. W. Douglas has returned from his holiday trip to Brantford.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Innie Ashcroft, nee McGann, of Cote St. Antoine, Montreal, are visiting relatives here.

Mr. J. Lyons Biggar and family are at the Sandbanks, Prince Edward County.

Miss May Biggar is the guest of Mrs. John Bell at Wellington, Prince Edward County.

Miss Mae Smith and Miss Welding of Brantford are the guests of Mrs. R. Mathison.

Miss Hattie Willson, daughter of Dr. B. S. Willson, is at the island, Toronto, with Mrs. Sankey.

## Got to Have Some Sporting News.

"How about that prize fight out in the suburbs?" inquired the managing editor.

"Didn't come off. Police stopped it," answered the night editor.

"Any baseball games played here this afternoon?"

"None of any consequence. It rained."

"Wasn't there any racing to-day?"

"None. Postponed on account of the weather."

"Any baseball, racing, or prize ring news by telegraph?"

"Hardly any."

"Then take that war news from Central America out of the paper by wire corner, put a scare head on it, and run it at the head of the sporting column. Great Gallagher! We've got to have something in that department!"

Chicago Tribune.

## Greased It Once.

I had been looking over the battle fields around Marietta, Ga., and was five miles from the town when a cracker came along with an ox and a cart and offered me a lift. After riding some distance, I realized that both wheels were sadly in need of grease, and I asked him why he didn't lubricate.

"What fur?" he asked.

"To make the cart draw more easily."

"Sho! This yere ox doan mind."

"But it would stop the squeaking."

"Yes, I reckon, but the squeakin' doan hurt."

"It would save your wheels." I finally said.

"Sho! This old cart ain't wuth savin'."

"Didn't you ever grease it?" I persisted.

"Once. A Yankee rode to town with me and bought me a box of stuff."

"How did it work?"

"Mighty slick, but we dun spread it on hoe cake, and ate it all up in a week."—N. Y. Sun.

## A Sweet Thing on Ice.

A popular coat of arms among the *nouveaux riches* this season is a chunk of ice, ice-pick and motto: Help Yourself.—Detroit Free Press.

## A Working Manager Was Beyond Him.

When the railroad was built through Bulgaria, about twenty years ago, the whole business of constructing and running it was in the hands of the English. The contractor's habit of looking after everything personally greatly puzzled the Turks. They could not make out who were in authority. At one time, when a construction train was to be run from a country station down to Varna, a local pasha came up to the man who was dispatching the train and asked for a passage. The favor was granted. Then the official wanted the train to wait until his baggage arrived. After a delay of an hour or so, a string of fifty bullock carts appeared with baggage. The Turk was promptly informed that the train could not take such a load, and would not take any part of it. The man in charge ordered the train to start. The pasha was left behind, indignantly threatening to complain to the manager. Two days later the Turk was in Varna, inquiring for the superintendent of the railway. He found his way to the office, and was announced by a servant as "One great big pasha; he come see you, sare." It was not until after the injured pasha had seated himself that he discovered before him the very man whom he had to complain of. The interview is reported by the guilty party. In a rage the Turk turned to his servant and said: "Esheke(ass), you have made a mistake!" "Yes, Effendi, I have—

but they said this was the head man of the iron road." "Pah, pig, hold your tongue." Then, coldly turning to me, he said that he wished to speak in private to the manager of the railway. I at once asked my assistant to leave the room, but the pasha stopped him, and asked: "Who is the manager here?" I said: "I am, and I shall be most happy if I can be of service to you." The pasha gave a low whistle, and then, beginning to grin, said: "True! Then I have made a mistake. I called to complain to you of your own conduct the day before yesterday, and was going to ask for your dismissal. What shall I do now?" "Have coffee and a cigarette, and believe me it was only the utter impossibility of doing as you wished that forced me to leave you on the road."

## Manitou Resort, Lake Nipissing.

These islands, unequalled for their picturesque beauty and the fine bass fishing around them, are now thrown open to the public. Beautiful camp sites are free to parties preferring to camp. A private steam yacht runs twice daily to North Bay, five miles distant. The finest bathing beach in Canada extends for a quarter of a mile in front of house and camp grove. An excursion leaves Toronto on July 31, for North Bay. For further particulars write to Manager "Manitou," North Bay, P. O.

## JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

Office, 4 King Street East.  
Evenings at residence, 481 Church Street.

## SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

Office, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 555 Bathurst Street.

## GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

Court House, Adelaide Street  
and 138 Carlton Street

## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

ALLAN—At Hamilton, on July 31, Mrs. J. G. Allan—a daughter.

MACDOUGALL—At Toronto, on August 1, Mrs. MacDougall—a son.

SIEVERT—At Toronto, on July 30, Mrs. John A. Sievert—a son.

WHITE—At Toronto, on July 28, Mrs. Stuart White—a son, still born.

RADCLIFFE—At Toronto, on August 3, Mrs. William Radcliffe—twin girls.

MCCALLUM—At Owen Sound, on August 1, Mrs. J. F. McCallum—a daughter.

HASTINGS—At Toronto, on August 5, Mrs. C. J. Hastings—a son.

MCCLENNY—At Toronto, on August 5, Mrs. J. W. McCleNNy—a daughter.

PROCTOR—At Toronto, on August 3, Mrs. William Proctor—a son.

REID—At Toronto, on August 4, Mrs. George F. Reid—a daughter.

HAMILTON—At Toronto, on July 30, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton—a son.

WARWICK—At Toronto, on July 25, Mrs. John Warwick—a son.

PARKHILL—At Toronto, on August 2, Mrs. A. E. Parkhill—a son.

MILLS—At Ridgeway, on August 3, Mrs. N. Mills—a daughter.

PATTERSON—At Toronto, on August 4, Mrs. R. L. Patterson—a son.

## Marriages.

RUTHERFORD—McFARLANE—At St. Thomas church, on August 6, by Rev. J. C. Roper, rector, R. Percival Rutherford, youngest son of the late E. H. Rutherford Northfield, Toronto, to Edith Arnold, only daughter of John M. McFarlane, grand niece of the late Right Rev. Duncan McFarlane, D.D., L.L.D., of Glasgow Cathedral, Principal of Glasgow University, and of Dr. McFarlane of the same city.

BROWN—HARBIDGE—At Toronto, on July 30, Arthur D. Brown to Sadie Harbridge.

MCLEOD—MCPIERSON—At Kincardine, on July 30, Rev. A. J. McLeod of Medicine Hat, Alta., to Lillie McPierson.

FOUND—CAMPELL—At Toronto, on July 31, Ernest G. Found to Minnie Campbell.

PELL—BARNES—At Toronto, on July 30, H. Sutton Pell to Louise Barnes.

ROSE—AUSTIN—At Montreal, on July 31, John B. Rose to Charlotte De Clare Austin.

WILLIAMSON—FOSTER—At Toronto, on July 31, John Burton Williamson of Selkirk, Scotland, to M. L. Foster.

SCOTT—McFARLANE—At Toronto, on July 29, David H. Scott to Mabel McBride.

## Deaths.

BAUGHMAN—Drowned while bathing at Storey Lake on August 1st, F. W. Baughman, Disciple Minister of Bowmanville, age 37 years. Much lamented by a large circle of friends.

CASSELL—At Toronto, on July 31, W. G. Cassell, aged 79 years.

GRANT—At Toronto, on August 6, Lewis Grant, aged 22 years.

KENNEDY—At Guelph, on August 5, Mrs. David Kennedy, aged 56 years.

RUSSELL—At Brantford, on July 3, Mrs. Robert Russell, aged 67 years.

BUTLER—At Toronto, on August 3, Thomas Butler, aged 21 years.

NAPOLITANO—At Toronto, on July 30, Mrs. E. Napolitano, aged 20 years.

WILSON—At Toronto, on August 1, Violet Edna Wilson, aged 1 year.

ATKINSON—At Toronto, on August 2, Thomas Atkinson, aged 1 year.

AIKEN—At Toronto, on August 3, Jane Eliza Aiken, aged 17 years.

DOYLE—At Toronto, on August 2, Patrick Doyle, aged 40 years.

ROGERS—Alma Mary, infant daughter of M. J. and A. C. Rogers.

COPLAND—At Toronto, on August 3, Charles Arthur Montclair Copland, aged 9 months.

HITCHCOCK—At Toronto, on August 5, Mrs. Caroline Hitchcock, aged 82 years.

MORSE—At Toronto, on August 5, Victoria May Morse, aged 5 months.

RISBROUGH—At Newtonbrook, on August 4, Mrs. John H. Risbrough, aged 20 years.

BRIGGS—At Parkdale, on August 3, Gertrude Mander Briggs.

CREELMAN—On August 3, Laura Cumming Creelman, aged 1 year.

MCGEARY—At Toronto, on August 3, Willie McGeary.

STURROCK—At Niagara-on-the-Lake, on August 4, Lizzie Sturrock.

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon

Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.  
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST

Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.  
14 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tel. 3266

J. G. ADAMS, Dentist

Office—346 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Residence—36 Hazelton Ave., Toronto, Ont. Tel. No. 2064.

## CANADA'S HIGH-CLASS PIANOFORTE.

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO  
Has the Reputation

Its matchless tone qualities command the highest appreciation of every true musician. Eminent pianists speak of THE MASON & RISCH TONE as a distinguishing feature. Its brilliancy, purity, and delicacy; its responsive sympathy; with the artist's most fastidious taste, and its grand range of expression, are characteristic qualities which distinguish THE MASON & RISCH TONE from that of all other makes of pianofortes.

WAREROOMS | 22 KING STREET WEST | 233 QUEEN STREET WEST | TORONTO



## SUMMER SALE

DURING AUGUST



## Positive Mark Down in All Departments

One month of Marvellous Bargain Getting for the people. Bargains in every department each day for the month of August. The ever ceaseless cycle of time brings round on a move the season for our

## GREAT ANNUAL MIDSUMMER CLEARING SALE

Boys' and Men's Clothing, Mantles and Millinery, Fancy Dry Goods, Dress Goods and Silks  
Carpets and House Furnishing

## R. WALKER &amp; SONS

33, 35 and 37 King Street East  
13, 20 and 22 Colborne Street



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

## NOTIONS

Nine hundred and ninety-nine different manufactures represented in this department. Below we mention a few of the many useful articles to be found here and their tempting prices.

Baskets of every description from 10c. to \$2.50. Lunch, Work Baskets, Clothes Baskets, Baby's Baskets, Picnic Baskets, Children's Wicker Chairs, etc.

Purses—1,000 sample Purses on sale, no two alike. Prices from 10c. to \$1 each, and a nice assortment of Chelaine Bags in felt and leather from 50c. each.

Silverware, all quadruple plate, at manufacturer's prices.

Perfumes—Colgate's, Rimmel's, Lubin's and other noted makers at lowest prices.

Soap—Pear's, 11c.; Colgate's Castile, 10c.; Cashmere Bouquet, 7c.; Turkish, 9c.

Tappan's, Colgate's and Pear's Face Powders—White Mist, "Fallenine," "Bon Bonnaire," etc.

Bay Rum, 40c., and Vaseline, 12c., warranted pure; Puff Boxes, 12c.; Whisks, 5c.; Hair Brushes, with mirror, 25c.; Combs, from 5c.; Fans, 100 different kinds, from 10c.; Knives, Scissors, Fancy Hair Pins, Jewelry, Belts, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Sponges, Toilet Sets in Zylonite, beautiful goods, equal to tortoise shell, amber and ivory.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY

Novels by celebrated authors, 3c. each or 3 for 5c. Cloth bound books in fifty different titles at 25c. each. Cedar Pencils round leads, at 5c. per dozen. Note Paper, two quires for 5c. Envelopes at 2c. per packet. Children's Toy Books, Paints, Puzzles, Desks, &c., at low prices at

R. SIMPSON'S, S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen

## SEND TO

## HARRY WEBB'S

FOR ESTIMATES FOR

Dinners

At Homes

Weddings

Banquets

Ball Suppers

Receptions, etc.

EVERY MINUTE

66-68 and 447 Yonge St., Toronto

\$23.50

We are selling a

## BEDROOM SUITE

with Bevel, British MIRROR PLATE, square or circular, beautifully finished in ANTIQUE for above price.

You should secure one of those plums.

## R. POTTER &amp; CO.

Cor. Queen and Portland Sts.

Telephone 1334

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF

## DIAMONDS.

At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.

## GEO. E. TROREY

Manufacturing Jeweler

51 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

## LADIES' WATERPROOF CIRCULARS

## SPECIAL SALE

Having purchased a Manufacturer's stock of these goods at 75c. on the dollar, we will for the balance of the month offer a special discount of 25 per cent. off our regular prices. These goods range in price from \$2.50 to \$12 and are certainly the cheapest rubber goods ever offered in the city.

## THE GOLDEN CROWN

240 and 242 Yonge Street

## MACLEAN &amp; MITCHELL

## THE ALLIANCE

## BOND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY

OF ONTARIO, Limited

INCORPORATED FEB. 27, 1890 - CAPITAL, \$1,000,000

GENERAL OFFICES:

27 and 29 Wellington Street East

34 and 36 Front Street East

TORONTO

This Company undertakes agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities. Will give careful attention to management of estates, collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons and other securities. Will act as agents for issuing or countersigning certificates of stock, loans, or other obligations.

Receives and invests sinking funds and invests moneys generally for others and offers the best terms therefor. Every dollar invested with or through this Company earns the highest returns and is absolutely safe.

All investments are guaranteed. THE INVESTMENT BONDS of the Company are issued in amounts of \$100 and upward and offer unparalleled inducements for accumulative investments of small amounts, monthly, or at larger periods for terms of years from five upwards, and the investor is not only absolutely protected against loss of a single dollar, but can rely upon the largest returns consistent with security.

Correspondence solicited and promptly replied to.

The Alliance Bond and Investment Company of Ontario (Limited)

TORONTO, ONT.

## DOMINION PIANOS

CHOSEN BY PEOPLE OF ALL CLASSES

AS THE MOST PERFECT PIANOFORTE

IN TONE TOUCH AND DURABILITY

YET PRODUCED IN CANADA

INSPECTION OF OUR PIANOS WILL

PROVE THE JUSTICE OF

OUR CLAIM

DOMINION PIANO &amp; ORGAN CO

WAREROOMS, 68 KING STREET WEST.

## HEINTZMAN &amp; CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

## PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.



Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application.

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto